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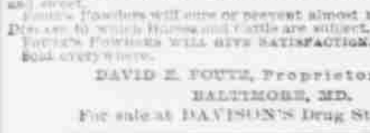
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AN OLD MAN'S ROMANCE

There never had been a time apparently when he had not been "old" Brent. But in point of fact, he was not so old even now. Many a man beyond him in years still bore an appearance of middle-aged vigor.

But Gaspar Brent had always shunned that contact with men and life which conduces to healthful vigor.

A recluse and scholar, a kindly, shy, absent-minded man he had ever been, and—until recently, at least, one would so have said—ever would remain.

His slight bent figure and his mild blue eyes in the clear-cut, clean-shaven face were familiar to all the children in the village, who liked him for the sundry small "tips" he was wont to bestow upon them, and whose mothers would observe that, being such a good man and so fond of children, it was a pity old Brent had never married.

At these remarks Mrs. Daly, his housekeeper, would screw up her nose in contempt.

"It's just him that's thinkin' of marryin'! And who's he to marry? Some meddlin' widow that would be for rulin' him around at his time of life? Or some highty-tighty girl that 'ud lead him a dance, a-racketin' him about. I guess not!"

"Well," remarked one of Mrs. Daly's cronies one day, he's goin' to Letson's pretty often, and there's the niece there now, the one they call by that outlandish name — Venatia — Vination — or something."

And true it was that Gaspar Brent was going to Letson's very often of late; and also true, though he himself, poor man, had been a long time in finding it out, that what he went for was a sight of Venetia Letson's sweet, flower-like young face and her pensive violet eyes.

When he did make the discovery the experience was an extraordinary one to Brent. And that which made it extraordinary was that it was the first of its kind.

In the beginning he felt as though it were a most a sacrilege for him to be going there with this unacknowledged feeling for the young girl in his heart. But Venetia had come to count upon his visits and his gentle kindness made a little sunshine for her, poor child!

For the Letsons, though worthy enough people in their way, were perhaps a little hard on this young daughter of a brother who had always been improvident and unlucky, and had died at last, leaving nothing behind him but this pale-faced slip of a girl for them to care for.

And so for months Gaspar Brent had walked over to the Letson place almost every day, sometimes with a book for the girl, sometimes with a little bunch of sweet-smelling flowers.

And she would generally be waiting for him with a glad smile of welcome on her lips, which repaid him for everything. In the self-abnegation of his honest, reverent heart, Gasper Brent would have been content to hold this place of an old, tried, and kind friend towards the young girl to the end of the chapter, and doubtless would so have done, had he not, on coming upon her suddenly one day, found her in tears.

Venetia had tried to conceal her emotion quickly, but it was too late, and at sight of Gaspar Brent's kind questioning eyes she had broken down again, and sobbed out the story of her trials.

It was nothing very definite perhaps, but Brent knew that this delicate young plant was pining away for the lack of sunshine and a fostering care. And it seemed irremediable, as she had no other friends except in one way.

At the thought of this one way Gaspar Brent's heart beat quickly. He cast a glance at the young creature who sat beside him, with her hands clasped listlessly in her lap and the eyes seeming to look out into a joyless future, and quite suddenly he spoke.

He could give her a comfortable home, and care, and—ah, how much love!—at least.

When, a couple of hours later, he walked homewards towards the pretty house which Mrs. Daly's care kept in a state of order which could only be adequately described by her own term of "apple-pie," it seemed to Gaspar Brent as though all the world were changed.

Surely the sky was very blue that day; he never remembered to have seen it so blue, and the sunshine was certainly unusually brilliant, and what happy faces people had as they passed him!

When he got home Mrs. Daly was waiting for him, in a clean cap. He passed in and then looking into the broad expanse of her hard, honest countenance with a smile that lit up all his mild thin features, he said:

"You must congratulate me, Mrs. Daly. You've been faithful to my service many years, and you'll like to know, I'm sure, Miss Letson is going to be my wife."

At the time Mrs. Daly found nothing to say but "Good Heavens!" which exclamation she delivered herself of with considerable force.

And it was just as well that her breath failed her after this, for the next outburst would assuredly have been:

"Well, I hope you won't have no cause to rue the day nor the deed!"

Considering the disparity in years, it did seem to Mrs. Daly that this result could not fail to come about.

She continued in a frame of mind for the rest of that day which could not by any stretch of imagination have been designated as amiable. To look forward to being asked to abdicate from a position of authority in an easy-going bachelor's household after many years of devoted service is that which, perhaps, no Mrs. Daly, however worthy, could be expected to do without some natural pang.

But, after all, the old woman's attachment to her master was too sincere to allow selfish considerations to triumph long.

When it was all settled, and Venetia, by Gaspar Brent's wish, had come to the solitary old house in order to see if there were any changes she would wish made in it, ere she became its mistress, Mrs. Daly took her by the hand, and looking into the fair lily-like face, observed:

"Well, you look like a good one, and I'm going to hope that you are. The man you are goin' to marry ain't jest as young as another, maybe, but you kin get down on your knees every night, and thank God fur givin' you such a good husband. There ain't another such man outside o' Christendom," concluded Mrs. Daly.

"Yes, I know he is very, very good," said Venetia softly and gratefully.

"And I hope you're properly fond of him," added Mrs. Daly with a keen look of inquiry.

And Venetia, opening wide her violet eyes, that were like a child's for candor and innocence, replied with a certain surprise:

"Oh, yes! Of course I am fond of Mr. Brent." The eyes filled with tears. "He has been my kindest friend."

The two then, a friendly relation being thus established, went over the house together.

"She's a good modest girl, I'm thinking," was Mrs. Daly's mental comment, when Venetia's slim young figure had tripped down the garden-walk. "I hope it'll last. If ever any man deserved a good wife, he does."

Meantime Venetia had reached the gate. It was late summer, and she and Gaspar Brent were to be married in the autumn.

There was a brilliant sunset in the west, and Venetia, in whose nature there was an instinctive thirst for beauty in every form, turned her head to look in that direction.

In this way she ran against a stalwart masculine figure, which, at that instant, approached the gate.

She started back and glanced up into a pair of merry, handsome blue eyes, bent in some surprise upon her.

The owner of the eyes stepped aside and raised his hat in ready courtesy, and Venetia, with a slight inclination of the head, passed on.

She walked home very straight. Her cheeks were warm, though she was not conscious of it.

Just before entering the house she paused, and glancing backward, murmured to herself:

"I wonder who that young man could have been?"

The young man in question had, on his side, looked very unreservedly after Venetia's young figure as it passed up the long village street. And his comment upon the meeting had proved much more outspoken and definite than hers.

"By Jove! Wonder how so much youthful bloom and radiant beauty came to be issuing from my venerable old uncle's abode. The prettiest creature I have seen for an age. I'll have to look into this. I declare, there's the old fellow this moment, as I'm a living sinner!"

He started forward. Gaspar Brent, coming towards him, stopped and stared.

"Well, uncle, forgotten me quite, have you?" laughed the young man.

"Charley—Charley Brent! Bless my soul! Welcome, boy, welcome! Come in, come in!" and a minute later the young fellow was being presented to Mrs. Daly.

"My dead brother's son, Mrs. Daly," said Gaspar Brent, with a certain gentle solemnity. "I was very fond of Brother Charles. He was the handsomest of the family, and," with a little smile lighting up all his mild face, "seems to me that Charley has taken after him!"

Charley laughed good-humoredly.

"And now tell me, uncle, who the young lady is with whom I had the pleasure of an encounter at the gate just now. She is as fair as the morning, and has eyes like blue violets."

Before Gaspar Brent could make any reply, Mrs. Daly broke in tartly:

"That was Miss Venetia Letson, as is to marry your uncle, sir. Excuse the liberty o' me answering."

"The deuce!" Charley exclaimed within himself.

Gaspar Brent smiled a little shyly.

"I'm much too old to be thinking of marrying so young a girl, I suppose you are thinking, my boy; but I see she hasn't many friends, and I'll try to make the child happy."

"And indeed you ain't too old to marry anybody," cried Mrs. Daly with indignant force.

"Never mind, Mrs. Daly; that will do," remonstrated Gaspar Brent, and Mrs. Daly, taking the mild reproof more gently than it had been administered, flounced from the room.

"I don't like the looks o' that whippersnapper," she confided to herself, when outside. "He'll make trouble yet with his curly hair and his big shoulders and the swagger of him. And Mr. Brent to be apologizing to him or the likes of it, because he's to marry the girl he's chosen." And Mrs. Daly's soliloquy ended in a sniff.

* * * * * * *

As the shorter Fall days came over land, there was much hurrying to and fro in "old Brent's" quiet house, now quiet no longer.

All was being put in readiness for the young bride, and the neighbors found an exhaustless topic of conversation in appropriate discussions of the wall-paper and new furniture, and changes here and there, which were being made to insure her comfort and happiness.

"Seems as though he couldn't do enough for the girl. And she ain't been ever made much of at home, Venetia Letson ain't. It'll all be new to her, I guess. Well, old Brent's a good man—no better ever lived."

"All the same Venetia ain't looking very happy," remarked the ancient dame, shaking her head. "I see her yesterday. She was as white as chalk. I thought she looked very down."

Gaspar Brent, happily unconscious of such comments as the last, was wending his way towards the Letson house.

As he walked, the tall slight figure bent forward a little, less from the weakness of age than from the habit contracted during many years spent in solitary poring over books, the mild fine eyes fixed upon the ground; he was meditating whether there were still any little things which Venetia might like of which he had not thought.

This had been his sole preoccupation for weeks. God had been very kind to him. He had thrown this beautiful young girl in his path for him to love. He accepted the boon reverently, with a sort of fear. The feeling of the disparity in his years and hers was always before him. All his efforts were concentrated on a perpetual striving to atone to her, as it were, for this difference.

So lost in thought was he as he neared the strip of ground that surrounded Venetia's home, that he at first did not notice the sound of voices coming in suppressed tones from behind the high hedge that screened those within the garden from the gaze of the passers-by.

But he stopped very suddenly, for he thought all at once that he heard Venetia speak, and was it possible? yes, she was sobbing.

"No, no, don't plead with me, please," the young girl was saying in a low agonized whisper. "Go—please, go. It is of no use. I must not listen to you. I owe him everything—everything!"

"You don't owe him the mere form of an allegiance when your heart is given to someone else, darling. Venetia dearest," the pleading passionate voice rang out, "you do love me—you cannot deny it. Then you belong to me, not to him."

What had come over the world in this one short minute? The sunshine seemed to have been blotted out, and a cold wind sprang up and lifted the dead leaves that strewed the road and swept them up into little heaps.

Gaspar Brent stirred blindly. He touched his forehead with his hand once or twice and turned back whence he had come. He did not quite realize at first just what had happened. He knew afterwards that he had been dazed there for a while.

He repeated to himself once or twice slowly:

"Yes, of course. Charley loves her and she loves him. How could they help it? It is natural—natural. I ought to have known this before! I ought to have known this before!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Mr. Daly when she saw his face. "What has happened?"

"Nothing — nothing!" And yet he seemed to have grown quite old—really old—since he had left the house an hour before.

He went into his room and locked the door.

A little later he came out and asked whether young Brent had returned. The latter, who had just come in, heard the inquiry and stepped forward.

"I wanted to see you, sir," the young man said. "I have—I got a letter this morning which—which will compel me to leave you sooner than I thought. In fact, I think of going home to-morrow morning."

Gaspar Brent bent a long look on the young man's face. It was very pale and haggard.

"Bless her!" thought he who indeed was now an old man. "She was faithful, poor child!"

Then there was a pause, and then he said, very quietly and kindly:

"No need for you to go, Charley. I know the reason for your wanting to leave here. I did not mean to be an eavesdropper, my boy, but I overheard some words you and Venetia spoke to-day in the grounds down by the Letsons'."

"You — you heard," stammered the young man, reddening furiously.

"And I want you to stay, Charley. Do you understand? If Venetia loves you—that is enough."

"Uncle! May God bless you for this! I—I don't know what to say."

And so it was settled, very quickly, very quietly. Gaspar Brent would not have the original wedding-day put off—would not alter any of the original dispositions he had made for that event. Everything was to be the same—only the bridegroom was to be another.

Never once did he break down. When Venetia, bursting into tears, cried:

"You are too good to me. I do not deserve so much. I deserve nothing from you but contempt," he hurriedly whispered.

"Hush, hush, child! Never say that. It is better so—far better. Youth loves youth—it is natural. I should have known you could not love an old fellow like me, dear. It was just an old man's romance—over now. And you and Charley must be happy."

That was the day before the wedding. The next, Gaspar Brent stood upon his doorstep, with a smile upon his face, and saw the young people drive off.

When the honeymoon was over they must return, he had said, and his home was to be theirs.

"A little young life about us will do us both good, Mrs. Daly," he told the faithful old woman who had stood by and witnessed all these changes with a furious face. Nor was it less furious now.

"If you live to see it," she said within herself grimly.

But she knew not that her soul would prove so good a prophet.

One night, a few days before Charles Brent and his wife were expected back she was summoned to his bedside.

The doctor shook his head. He was afraid there was nothing to be done. All through the hours of the night they watched.

Toward dawn Gaspar Brent opened his eyes, groped feebly with his hands and murmured: "Venetia!"

A moment later Mrs. Daly raised a piteous cry:

"Oh, doctor, he was the kindest gentlest soul that ever lived, and now he is dead!"

PENOBSCOT INDIANS.

The Tarratine Tribe and Their Reservation in Maine.

According to a Bangor (Me.) correspondent, the Penobscot, or more properly, the Tarratine Indians, have dwindled greatly in numbers during the past few decades, and there remains to-day but a sorry remnant of the powerful tribe who in early colonial times were such a powerful factor in the interesting squabbles of this region, and who were the only red-men of the Eastern country able to wallop the Mohawks. But what few there are left seem to get along very well, and they are an interesting lot. Their reservation consists of all the islands in the Penobscot river between Oldtown and Lincoln, a distance of thirty-five miles. These islands are 146 in number, with an aggregate area of about 4,500 acres—quite enough room for the 400 Tarratines who still linger in the land of their fathers.

The principal settlement is the village on Oldtown island, the lowermost of the tribe's possessions, where, besides numerous neat frame dwellings, they have a well-appointed chapel and schools. The Indians are all Catholics, and a good priest, Father Trudelle, looks carefully after the dusky flock, while three Sisters of Mercy—Gabriel, Margaret and Christina—teach the schools and look generally after the moral and domestic condition of the tribe.

The Tarratines maintain a tribal form of government, electing annually a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and a delegate to the State Legislature, which they are allowed. Politically they are divided into two parties—the "Old," or Conservative, and the "New," or Progressive. Most of the men find employment in the woods or upon the drives, and expert drivers they are, as a rule. There is some attention paid to agriculture, and some few of the men make their living by piloting sportsmen through the Northern wilds to the favorite haunts of trout and deer.

For fancy of workmanship and uniqueness of design, none of the fancy goods generally peddled out during the holiday season equal the dainty basketwork of the squaws of this tribe, and their pretty creations of birch bark, bows and arrows, and moccasins. Some of the baskets are marvels of artistic handiwork and color. They are of every conceivable shape and of all sizes, down to a baby basket that just holds a thimble. To make these fancy things from strips of ash requires, besides skill, the patience of Job. All the year round [illegible] keep a big store in Oldtown, stocked with baskets and the other articles for distribution to retailers all over the country, while in summer certain members of the tribe vend the prettiest of these wares at watering-places. The State annually disburses among the tribe about $10,000 under treaty stipulations and in specific appropriations for the general interest. The tribe all dress neatly, live comfortably, and behave themselves considerably better than the common run of white people. The men are no dudes, but to offset this all the Indian girls know how to tog out in colored silks for balls.

The Sailor [and th]e Anthem.

People who know very little about a certain subject often succeed in explaining it more clearly than those who know all about it. An old sailor had heard in church a fine anthem, which greatly pleased him. He was descanting at length upon it to a shipmate, who, after listening a while, said:

"I say, Bill, what's an anthem?"

"What?" replied [Bill], "do you mean to say that you don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then I'll tell [you]. If I was to say to yer, ''Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be an anthem. But was I to say, 'Bill—Bill—Bill, giv—giv—give me, giv me that hand, give me that hand, spike, spike—spike, give me that—that hand—hand—handspike—spike, spike, ah—men; Bill, give me that handspike—spike, ah—men!' why, that would be a hanthem."

AMONG MOONSHINERS.

When, a few years ago, a United States marshal was murdered by moonshiners in the mountains of North Georgia, a New York newspaper said that another notch was cut in the big poplar that guards the entrance to Sleepy Cove, the retreat of the outlaws, making five in all, each significant of the death at the hands of the illicit whiskey makers, of a revenue officer. That fourth notch was cut for me. I saw it done, with death staring me in the face. Is it possible that the outlaws still believe my bones are bleaching on the damp ground in Smoky Hole?

When notch No. 3 was cut there was a great stir in North Georgia. We laid the murder of W—— at the door of the notorious Cap Hawkins, the daring leader of a fearless band of outlaws in the Cohutta Mountains, and as soon as possible we were on his trail with a good pack of bloodhounds. The scent was cold, and when we had penetrated some eight miles into the range the dogs became disheartened. After circling round us time and again in search of the trail they gave it up, and we were forced to retreat without having accomplished anything.

It was dusk when we got out of the deep woods, and we began to look about for a place to stay for the night.

A log cabin of two rooms was not inviting, but the old crone who came to the door said that she could provide for one of the party.

While I ate she smoked a clay pipe, sitting in the chimney corner with her legs crossed and her foot swinging incessantly. When she spoke to me, which she did oftener than I liked, I could not help feeling that she was trying to pump me.

When the old woman had shown me to room and my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and wandered aimlessly over the open ceiling, I saw something about the size of the bed hanging directly over me. It seemed to swing slowly back and forth. I stood up and touched it, examined it as minutely as possible, and again laid down. It was nothing but three or four bed quilts stretched across two boards supported at the ends by short ropes. If it grew colder in the night I would reach up to them for more cover.

I intended to stay awake, but must have been nearly asleep when a creaking noise aroused me. The next moment it was repeated, and the quilts above me descended rapidly. It flashed upon me that I was in a trap.

Drawing my weapon, I attempted to spring out of bed, determined to sell my life dearly, but as I straightened up the quilts covered me, and before I could throw them off strong hands were at the corners.

With a frantic struggle I cocked my pistol and placing the muzzle close against the quilt pulled the trigger. I fired at random, trusting that fate might guide the ball into the heart or head of some one of my cowardly assailants. The concussion was awful in that narrow space. The smoke filled my eyes, nose and ears; the shot rang through my brain; I felt that my last hour had come. My God, how I suffered! I remember a derisive laugh that seemed to come from another world, then something heavy struck me on the head.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on my back in a jolting wagon, with my hands and feet securely bound. The pale blue of the sky above me and the hazy outlines of the tree-tops reaching overhead told me that day was breaking.

"Wal, Kurnel, air ye come roun' all right?" said a deep voice at my head. Raising my eyes I saw over me the grizzly face of the outlaw, Cap Hawkins. He broke into a wild laugh at my look of astonishment.

"Didn't 'spect ter see me this mornin', did ye, Kurnel?" he said tauntingly. "Whar air yer dogs?—ha! ha!—an' yer horses?—he! he!—an' yer—haw! haw! ho!—an' yer repytation? Aw, Lordy! Say, Kurnel, whar air ye a-takin me this mornin'? Air ye a-goin' ter lock old Cap Hawkins up agin?"

I determined to assume a bold air and affect a supreme indifference to my fate, whatever that was to be.

"Oh, Cap, dry up," I began, winking slyly at him. "Don't frighten the revenue men; they'll be after you again."

Again he roared as if he would split his sides over the joke. He was immensely tickled.

"Say your prayers, Cap," I continued. "It'll be a long time before you see daylight again."

"What air ye drivin' at, Kurnel?" he asked, seriously, casting his eyes about him. My shot had missed, but I kept firing.

"Well, you see, Hawkins, now that I've got you in my power I'm going to put you away for good. You come along with me to the Cove. There's a warm hole in the side of the mountain in which you can spend the winter, board and lodging free. Come, brace up, Cap; when you see how comfortable it is in there you'll want to lease the place for life."

The outlaw made no response to my random talk, nor did he laugh as before. Something seemed to worry him, for he fidgeted about, scratched his uncombed head and ran his bony fingers through his grizzled, tangled beard.

"Look a-hyar, Kurnel," said the moonshiner, leaning close to me and boring into me with his black eyes, "air ye ever been thar?"

"There? Where, Cap?"

"That thar hole ye air a-goin' on about?"

"Why, of course; don't I know every hole and crag in the Cohuttas?"

"Then that settles it, Kurnel. I 'lowed ye war jokin'. Waw Patsy, waw Suck, wawp."

He reined in his horses and stopped the wagon. Taking up an axe he handed it to some person on the ground, and said a few words which I did not understand. At the first sound of the axe Cap Hawkins put his arm under my back and forced me to sit upright.

"Cobe air a-cuttin' yer tombstone, Kurnel, an' 'lowed ye'd like ter git a last look."

To the right of the wagon stood a giant poplar lifting its shaggy top 300 feet above the road. In its trunk were three gaping wounds, and a moonshiner in broad hat and big boots was cutting a fourth. Two other ill-looking men stood near, their guns in their hands.

"Kurnell," continued my guard, "do ye want ter write yer epertaph?" The men laughed at their chief. "Them other three Revies did'nt git nary chance ter write theirn. Boys, air any o' ye got a pencil?"

Too well I knew the meaning of that notch from which the sappy chips were flying. My heart quivered as the axe ate its way into the soft wood. My face must have reflected my thought, for the outlaw, giving me a gentle push, sent me on my back.

"Lay down, Kurnel an' don't git so all-fired skeered," he said. "That air a mighty comf'table hole up in the hills—board and lodgin' free." And quoting my own words, he fairly made the welkin ring with his coarse laughter.

"Surely you don't intend to murder me, Cap?"

"That air jes about it, I reckon, Kurnel. Ye air cross the dead line, and yer epertaph air done been writ."

Before I could say more his three companions climbed into the wagon beside me. Clucking to his horses he drove on at a trot through the pass, and as the sun rose over the mountain we entered the precincts of Sleepy Cove. It must have been after 10 o'clock, yet into that lonesome spot the sun was beginning to pour his rays. By 2 P. M. he would disappear behind the jagged cliff that formed the western boundary of the retreat, and the long twilight would set in with its spectral shadows chasing each other in the dark wood.

Suddenly the wagon stopped, and the four men threw themselves into attitudes of attention, grasping their guns and casting furtive glances at each other. Straining my ear I thought I heard the faint yelp of a hound. Cap Hawkins lashed his horses into a gallop, and we sped on through the woods for half a mile, stopping again in the shadow of a cliff. At their leader's order two of the men lifted me out of the wagon, and half dragged me to a spot where the earth formed a kind of bench against the rock wall.

Placing me on the ground they began prying at a boulder which, gradually yielding to their hand sticks, rolled over on its side, exposing a hole in the cliff. Into this they dragged me for some twenty feet, and tossed me on a bed of leaves. Then one of the men brought in some food, and another water and another wood.

I turned to the outlaw leader and asked how long he intended to keep me prisoner. He laughed at the question, but made no reply.

I begged him to shoot me, cut my throat, hang me—anything but leave me there to starve. But he paid no attention to my appeals.

"Ef ye air 'live when I git back, Kurnel—ef I git back," he said, "why, me an' the boys mought put a leetle lead in yer carcass. Ye may hev comp'ny 'fore night, enyhows. The Revies air arter us hotter 'n dennition blazes. They air done 'cross the dead line. Hyar the moosic, Kurnel?"

"I hope they'll give you all you deserve, you cold blooded murderer," I said, wishing that I could throttle the villain.

"Now, Kurnel, don't git out o' sorts. It air mighty comf'table in hyer—board an' lodgin' free. Boys, air ye ready? Them hounds air pickin' us up. Light the fire, Cobe. Kurnel, hyer air a knife ter cut yer loose arter we leave ye. Don't git skeered o' the ghosts, an' 'member ye air mighty comf'table, mighty comf'table—board an' lodgin' free, an' yer epertaph all down on the big poplar. Good-by, Kurnel."

The outlaws were already placing the boulder in position, and when Cap Hawkins had squeezed his way out the rock was rolled into the opening. With a crunching sound it settled into place, and I was a prisoner in Smoky Hole.

I listened for the baying of the hounds, hoping that they had tracked me to the cave, but not a sound penetrated the door of my prison. The fire burned briskly, and Smoky Hole glowed in the light of the blazing pine knots. It was the work of a few minutes to cut my bonds with the knife the outlaw had given me, and then I took an inventory of the contents of the cavern.

The place had evidently been fitted up for the illicit manufacture of "mountain dew" and "tanglefoot" and "red rye," for there were the wornout copper still, the worm, the mash tub, jugs and flasks and other apparatus of the moonshiner. The cave was about the size of a railroad box car, except that the roof was higher and more arched. I jabbed my knife into every square foot of the walls. They were of solid rock. In a vain, mad effort to roll the boulder from the entrance I drew the blood from my shoulder. It was all of no use. Unless help came to me from without my doom was sealed.

A dull, heavy feeling came over me and I sat down near the fire. The confined air was getting close. Suddenly, on looking up, I was appalled at the discovery of a new danger. The roof of the cavern was no longer visible. The dense, black smoke of the pitch pine, unable to escape, was banked above me like an ominous cloud, ever growing denser and blacker and descending steadily, remorselessly, upon me like a veritable shadow of death.

Already the asphyxiating gases were causing my brain to whirl. I crawled to the fire and stamped upon the blazing knots until every spark was extinguished, but they continued to send up their stifling smoke. I could feel it ascending, hot and pitiless.

Falling flat upon the ground I saturated my coat sleeve with the water the outlaws had left me, and placing it against my mouth secured a few full breaths of strained gas. But they gave me little respite. The high pressure of the atmosphere made my veins swell almost to bursting, my hands and feet were benumbed, and I was soon unable to move a muscle. Then I longed for death.

Suddenly there was a loud explosion, followed by a falling of loose earth and rock and a rush of air. A faint ray of light appeared in the corner of the cavern over the still, growing broader and stronger as the smoke cleared away. With life and strength renewed I made my way to the opening, where I drank in the fresh air with a swelling heart and a lighter conscience than I had ever hoped to possess.

The explosion had torn away some rough masonry with which the moonshiners had stopped up a fissure in the rock. I had found the chimney, and it was my determination to use it to advantage. In a moment, forgetful of pains and bruises, I was climbing for freedom.

Soon the rocky sides of the chimney gave place to wood, and the opening changed from flat to round. Still I climbed on. But the opening grew tighter and tighter, like an inverted tunnel, and still the top seemed a long way off. I must have climbed some thirty feet in all when I stopped to rest, propping my foot against a knot-like projection, which suddenly breaking off left a hole through which the daylight streamed. Then, for the first time it flashed upon me that I was in a hollow tree. A glance through the knot-hole proved this to be the case, for there was the ground ten feet below me—the bench of earth I had noticed when the outlaws were making ready for my incarceration.

Escape now seemed certain. The wall of my prison was only two inches thick, and though the wood was dry and hard from age and exposure to smoke and heat, my knife was soon at work enlarging the knothole. As this faced the cave, I could keep a lookout for the moonshiners, and stop cutting at the first suspicious noise. Night soon set in, and I hoped to turn my back on Sleepy Cove ere the dawn of another day. But when the sun rose my task seemed not nearly done. The knife was dulled, and my strength had slowly ebbed away.

The baying of a hound reached me. It was repeated, and in a moment the thrilling music of the pack waked again and again the sleeping echoes of Sleepy Cove. Nearer and nearer it came, until a dozen fine bloodhounds burst through the underbrush and dashed up to the boulder at the entrance to Smoky Hole. Then opening again, they sped on the cold trail of the moonshiners.

"Dan, here Dan, down, sir!" I shouted to the leader with all my might. The obedient brute, recognizing my voice, dropped to the ground. I called him to me, and soon the entire pack was barking playfully at the roots of my novel prison.

Hearing a well-known signal in the woods I answered it, and one by one five of my friends crept cautiously up to the cave, carbines in hand. When I spoke to them from my porthole, there was a broad smile on every face. An axe was procured, and, while four of the men guarded against surprise, the fifth cut a window in my jail, through which I crawled, having been a prisoner for nearly twenty hours.

When we reached the big poplar that guards the pass to Sleepy Cove, I fastened in the fourth notch a piece of paper bearing these words:

"Cap Hawkins, beware. The Colonel is on your trail. Go look for his bones in Smoky Hole. EUHARLEE."

Astronomical Intelligence.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Judge Peterby—"Light is something wonderful."

Col. Yerger—"What is there so wonderful about it?"

"Well, for instance, the rapidity with which it travels. It travels at the rate of 20,000 miles a second."

"I don't know much about science, but I remember very well when I was a boy my teacher said that light traveled at the rate of 6,000 miles a second."

"Only 6,000 miles a second!"

"That's all, and he was not the kind of man to tell a lie."

"I don't mean to say your teacher lied. He told the truth. It was about forty years ago when he told you that, wasn't it?"

"Just about."

"I thought so. At that time the traveling facilities were very poor, and light may not have traveled more than 6,000 miles a second, but in these days of steam and rapid transit we make better time. That's why light travels now at the rate of 20,000 miles a second. See?"

TALK WITH A BENDER.

A Serpentine Female Tells How She Acquired and Retains Her Suppleness.

The other day I called on a bender, says a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a lady, not a gentleman, who is well known as a most serpentine contortionist. I wished to ask Mlle. Vonaro a few questions about her art, with a view of throwing some light on the training of little boys and girls for the profession.

The lady was sitting before the fire with her sister, who has abandoned bending herself and exhibits a troupe of highly educated poodles. A huge wicker basket contained her dress and other stage habits. From its depths she produced a bundle of photographs of herself tied and knotted into all manner of curious folds.

That is the business of a bender. The body is thrown into a score of unnatural postures, which appear to the audience to be achieved by dislocating every joint in the human frame, and to be effected at great risk to limb and life. Artists are generally enthusiastic about their callings, and I must say that Miss Vonaro declared that she would rather be a bender than a queen, or something to that effect. She began at 4; at 5½ she was before the public, and remains a bender still.

"My father saw a contortionist one night on the stage, and asked himself why he should not teach me, aged 4. I was put into training at once, and enjoyed the fun as a child will enjoy anything new. Was I beaten? Was I starved? No. I seemed to take to it like a little duck takes to water. You see, we were a family of athletes, and, besides, I was a daughter and not an apprentice. If the father is the trainer he may not spare the rod, but he is cruel only to be kind. My experience is that less rod and more kindness is the best plan. Father used to bribe us into doing the different tricks.

"To be successful means years of hard work, practice and performance. I am nineteen now, and my performance keeps me in capital training.

"In the business of contortion the first lesson is the backward bend, first with the arms, then without. You stand on a long mattress, so that there is no danger, and at first your teacher controls your movements with a belt.

"It is much the same with other forms of acrobatic work, and the cruelty often takes the form of taking away the mattress, which creates a sort of panic in the pupil's mind.

"If he has really tried his best and failed, he is so terrified that he is almost certain to fail unless he has a great deal of pluck. If he has only been sulking it may bring him to his bearings. Of course children are often stubborn, and try the patience of the teacher to its utmost limit.

"The art of contortion," continued Miss Vonaro, "is learned by degrees. First the backward bend, then the 'dislocation,' then the 'splits,' and so on. What we call 'closeness' distinguishes the best bending. To the audience bending seems most difficult. But I experience no discomfort or inconvenience. I was a puny child. You see me now."

The lady bender was certainly most healthy and cheerful, stout in body and ruddy in complexion, and she strongly maintains that all women would be greatly benefited if they took to bending.

"It is quite a mistake to think that we put our limbs out of joint or that we suffer from the curious nature of our performance. Of course, after one or more difficult positions one may suffer a little pain, but it goes in no time. In some attitudes I can only remain for twenty seconds, as the breathing becomes difficult. But these are trifling inconveniences.

"I practice a few minutes every day to keep myself loose here in my room, and that is about all I need do."

MACHINE-MADE WIND.

A New Contrivance That Saves the Sturdy Lungs of the Glass Blower—A German Invention.

"Window glass is now made by machinery," said a dealer recently to a reporter.

"For a long time various schemes have been suggested to assist the glass blower, whose occupation is a very unhealthy one. The machine that is now in use in Germany, not only assists the blower, but abolishes the cylinder blowing altogether by means of a rolling process.

"A great difficulty has been experienced in being able to roll the glass thin enough so as to save material and avoid expense in grinding it down to the desired thickness. At the Besson works a series of rollers have been placed between the tank, furnace and the annealing kens and leers. Through these, in a way similar to that in which sheet iron is rolled, the molten glass is conducted into a cooling table by means of a sluice or canal from the furnace. From the table the glass passes through sheet rolls, and after being rolled to the desired thickness the sheet is conveyed on rollers between two large cylinders and cut into the required size."

A CLEVER FRAUD.

How It Was Practiced and How Exposed.

Between fifteen and twenty years ago a Bowery (New York) photographer named Mummler was in the habit of distributing so-called spirit pictures at remunerative prices among surviving relatives and friends.

He had a society man in his employ who extracted the photographs of deceased relatives from drawing-room albums and conveyed them to the photographer, who, after securing copies, returned them to his agent. He put them back where he originally found them.

The agent would of course mention subsequently to the family the fact that this photographer was a medium and capable of giving them pictures of departed sisters, cousins, and aunts, and on visiting the photographer's rooms the spirit pictures were produced with considerable facility.

He had fixed up the bath, through which photographs were then passed at one stage of their manufacture in a very ingenious way, and several leading photographers in the city were unable for a long time to discover his secret.

It was finally discovered, however, and the sensational exposure came.

LOVE AND DEVOTION.

Won His Wife by a Beautiful Prayer.

"An aunt of my husband had quite a singular experience," said a lady to the writer.

"She was devotedly in love with a young gentleman, but the minister addressed her. She was very religious, and thought that it was her duty to marry the clergyman, who was the rector of the parish.

"At last she happened to be at a prayer meeting, when the one she loved was called upon to pray. To her surprise he made such a beautiful prayer that she decided if he could pray that well, he was good enough for her. She accepted him, and asked the clergyman to perform the service.

"He did so, but no sooner was the knot tied than he turned upon his heel and left, without even congratulating the bride."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 29, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GROVER CLEVELAND, of N. Y.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,

H. B. McCOLLUM, of Susquehanna Co.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE,

JON. R. MILTON SPEER, Huntingdon,

HON. JOHN M. KEATING, Allegheny,

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

Dist.		Dist.	
1	David W. Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Michael Magee	16	William Dent
3	A. H. Ladner	17	Russel James
4	Wm. J. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	John Taylor	19	Herman Bosler
6	Franklin Walden	20	Wm. A. Garman
7	Geo. W. Pawling	21	William Maher
8	James Smith	22	John H. Bailey
9	Dan'l H. Schweyer	23	J. Huckenstein
10	W. B. Given	24	William P. Lantz
11	Charles Robinson	25	David S. Morris
12	J. B. Reynolds	26	Jas. H. Caldwell
13	Edw. J. Gaynor	27	S. T. Neill
14	Simon P. Light	28	J. L. Brown

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSEMBLY,

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, of Johnstown.

JOHN S. RHEY, of Ebensburg.

FOR SHERIFF,

JOHN J. KINNEY, of Tunnelhill.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR,

JAMES A. WHARTON, of Clearfield township.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,

C. A. BUCK, of Carrolltown.

DID Blaine have a prophetic vision of Democratic victory when he wrote his Paris letter?

HARRISON may feel proud of his ancestry line, but in this country where every man is judged on his own merits, it is not a matter of any import whether his grandfather was the hero of Tippecanoe or any other man.

A NUMBER of presidential aspirants were heard of for the last time at Chicago, on Monday. Among the rest Ohio's Pinkstonian statesman, Sherman, may now commence on his memoirs with the full knowledge that there will be no interruption by a call upon him as a candidate from any quarter. He is as dead a corpse as his partner Hayes.

THE young Emperor of Germany opened the Reichstag on Monday with a pomp suiten to his boastful nature. The new Emperor displays no statesmanship and an uter lack of diplomacy. The indications are that Germany will not enjoy that peace and prosperity under her new ruler which was her lot under the late Emperor and the latter's noble father.

IT will not be easy for the all-over-Blaine-only men to march gracefully under the Harrison banner, but after the smoke of battle has cleared away on the day following the ides of November, they may reflect with pleasure on the thought that it was well their favorite was not placed at the head of the Republican column only to suffer a second and greater defeat.

THE long struggle at Chicago and the failure of the Blaine leaders to make their idol a victim of forlorn hope, resulted in the selection of Benjamin H. Harrison, of Indiana, as the nominee for President and Levi P. Morton, of New York, for Vice President.

General Harrison is a man whose character and public record are free from stain, so far as he is known, and the campaign will likely be waged on the great and vital issues of the day, instead of descending to the low-grade politics of slander and personal abuse.

The nomination created little or no enthusiasm even among the most sanguine party men. If Blaine had been nominated the party jubilation would have been unbounded and in marked contrast with the unconcerned manner in which the news of Harrison's success was received on Monday.

The ticket is not regarded as a strong one in its personality. Mr. Harrison is a fair representative of his party on the issue of the campaign as he is a high protectionist, but he lacks that courageous aggressiveness and firm grasp of public questions which characterize Mr. Cleveland. The individuality and the character of the nominees will not likely enter as a factor into the issues of the campaign and it is to be hoped that mud-slinging and the weapons of malice and vindictive abuse may be laid aside, that the people may decide with unbiased judgement upon the political and economic questions involved in the respective candidacies of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison. Upon the one side it is claimed that taxation should be reduced to the lowest possible limit of economical expenditure; upon the other it is maintained that taxation should be continued in all its rigor so that prices may be kept at an artificial level and the necessaries of life made costly to the laboring man. An intelligent understanding by the masses of the attitude of the two parties will remove all doubt of Mr. Cleveland's re-election.

The Republican candidate will fall far short of carrying the party vote on the Pacific Coast owing to his record on the Chinese question. California may be put down in the Cleveland column with a reasonable certainty of Nevada following suit.

Admitting that Mr. Harrison would make an honorable and acceptable President personally, he will be beaten and ought to beaten because he represents the interests of the favored few against the many. The issue is between extreme protection and honest tariff revision; between retrogression and progression; between monopoly and the greatest good to the greatest number. Let the people decide.

SEVERAL weeks ago the Johnstown *Tribune* pretended to describe a meeting of the friends of John J. Kinney, the Democratic nominee for Sheriff, on his return to his home after the returns of the Democratic primaries had been counted. It was a feeble effort of the *Tribune* to array the Irish and German Democrats against each other and in last week's *Industrial Vindicator*, published at Mr. Kinney's home, the story of the *Tribune* is shown to have had not only no foundation but that it was deliberately manufactured out of the whole cloth. The following is the reply of the *Vindicator*, which also includes the *Tribune's* article:

Last week we stated we would reply to the Johnstown *Tribune's* statement concerning the friends of J. J. Kinney, and the remarks that paper claims were made concerning our German friends and we will endeavor to keep our word. We remember some years ago when a certain German was out for office, to read in the *Tribune* the lines, "No Irish Need Apply," which was certainly calculated to draw the Irish vote from the German candidate, in the interest of the Republican party. And now that the opposite is the case he would turn the German vote into the Republican camp. While we do not desire to enter into a contest with the *Tribune* on this question, we will not allow any journal, combination or organization, to misrepresent the people of this locality, without taking our proper position to defend them; and we therefore pronounce the following taken from the *Tribune* of June 6, to be an injustice to the people of this vicinity, and entirely false.

THE "TRIBUNE'S" STATEMENT:

"Mr. John. J. Kinney, the Democratic nominee for Sheriff, upon his arrival home at Gallitzin, after the votes were counted at Ebensburg on Monday, had a vociferous reception in which bands of music and the wild shouts of enthusiastic friends mingled to make the occasion a "loud one. "This is what the Irish can do when united!" shouted an enthusiastic Kinney man. 'Correct' shouted another; "to hell with the Dutch!" "Here! here!" shouted another and more discreet Kinney man; "we can't afford to denounce the Dutch in that fashion; we'll need their votes at the election." "D—n the Dutch," yelled a boisterous individual; we nominated Kinney, and By G—d we can elect him." and thus the enthusiasm ran, very little consideration being manifested for the friends of Langbein, until surfeited by the contemplation of the great victory won by Kinney, his friends subsided and prudence called a halt to the wild rejoicings."

That we might not do an injustice to our contemporary, the *Tribune*, we put off a reply to the above, until we had an opportunity to interview the many Germans who were present on the evening in question, all of whom pronounce the *Tribune's* statement false in every particular. We accompanied Mr. Kinney and his friends from Gallitzin to his home on Tunnelhill, and at the request of many who were present, delivered the address of the evening, and we noticed the Germans were as enthusiastic as any who were present, and their good sense and sound judgement, will prevent the *Tribune* or any other journal from making political capital, through false statements about their neighbors. We will discuss this matter no father, but let the public judge by the following prominent and respected German citizens of this locality.

From one that was present.

I was present when John J. Kinney arrived in Gallitzin on the evening referred to above, and remained until all had dispersed, and heard no expression about the Dutch or Irish. PETER GUTWALD.

Pronounces the Tribune's Statement False.

I pronounce the statement made by the Johnstown *Tribune* concerning the Dutch, to be false. There is no ill-feeling between the Germans and Irish of this place. MAX STEHLE.

I saw Part and Talked to Others.

I saw some of the turnout to meet John J. Kinney, and talked to persons that were through all, and never heard anything said about expresions like the above. J. YECKLEY.

They Corroborate the Above.

We the undersigned German citizens of Gallitzin and Tunnelhill, corroborate the above statements, and have every reason to believe the statement contained in the Johnstown *Tribune* of June 6, and published above, was an injustice to every person in this community and is entirely false.

Arnold Lenz, Nicholas Smeltzer, Wm. Hogue, Philip Togle, John Miller, Joseph Beigle, M. R. Denny, John Leap.

I would ask all my friends to pay no attention to the *Tribune's* statement, as it is entirely false, as can be seen by the above statements from my respected German friends of this vicinity, and is intended to cause strife. JOHN J. KINNEY.

THE Republican platform adopted at Chicago is strikingly characteristic of the party—a platform for the monopolist. It has, of course, the usual amount of generalities on good government and public necessities which are acceptable to all parties; but it presents a pitable spectacle of desperation in attempting to enlist the sympathy and suppopt of the laboring classes by appealing to them through the subterfuge of a high or monopoly-nurturing tariff. It partly believes that there should be a reduction of the national revenue but, if so, would make the needed reduction by repealing the taxes on tobacco and whisky. If, however, the national revenue increases too rapidly under its oppressive protective system, it would make a corresponding increase in the governmental expenditures which would keep the bulk of revenue down to respectable proportions. In the same breath it professes to be deeply concerned in the interest of labor and gives its unqualified support to a system that robs the employe for the benefit of the employer. It has nothing but condemnation for President Cleveland and his administration and gives the men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884 and joined the Democrats notice that they have deserted the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom, of purity of the ballot and especially the cause of civil service reform. These men who dared to have political opinions of their own and act upon them in 1884 will, of course, be properly humiliated and repent of their independent action when they read and reflect upon what the solons at Chicago have told them. A contestant who has nothing but ill to say of his opponent is sure to be the loser in the hand to hand battle for superiority. The inference is obvious.

THE committee appointed by the National Democratic Convention to notify the candidates of their nomination for Presidency and Vice Presidency performed that the duty to President Cleveland on Tuesday and to Mr. Thurman on Wednesday. Mr. Clevelands reply to the committee was full of earnestness which the people will instinctively identify with integrity and lofty purpose in official station.

The Blunder of the Platform.

There were loud calls, commencing as soon as the full significance of the Chicago platform dawned on the people, for its amendment. Outside the trust and monopoly interest, and those localities where it is controlling, the declarations, especially on tax and revenue questions, have been received with coldness or downright disapproval. The anti-saloon Republicans are on the warpath because the platform expresses no sympathy for their much advertised panacea, while it does favor the repeal of the whiskey tax. A leading New Jersey Republican, Major Pangborn, when interviewed by a *Post* reporter on his his way home from Chicago, said:

The party has made a blunder in the platform, and they may make enough mistakes before they are through to bring down defeat. I was before the platform committee and did my best to get them to insert the paragraph asked for by anti-saloon Republicans in regard to prohibition in the States. I argued that they would only be indorsing a Republican law which had been approved by the Supreme Court of the United States. Senator Farwell said such a plank would cost the less of Michigan. He is responsible for this omission in the platform, and I don't care how plainly you state it. But there is a big kick, and Fisk and his party are chuckling, so I think they will yet adopt the plank.

The Chicago *Tribune* of Sunday in its leading editorial, stated "that earnest Republicans generally are greatly disgusted with the free-whisky plank of the party platform adopted by the convention. They say emphatically that it will have the effect of driving away thousands of Republicans in some States where they can't be spared." The *Tribune* therefore appeals to the convention "to correct the shocking blunder" that has been made in this free whisky matter and vote to retain the tax as the basis of a service pension to Union veterans. It goes on:

The Democrats in their platform of 1884 pledged the internal revenues as a pension fund for soldiers. This pledge is renewed by the Democratic platform of this year. Shall it be said that the Republican party is less mindful of the services of the hard-fighting patriots of the war for the Union, not yet pensioned? Or can it be that the purpose is to place a heavy tax on the farmers and manufacturers of the country for service pensions, in order that whisky may be cheap? The suggestion is repugnant to the history, morals and traditions of the party; but it is the inference from this amazingly bungled McKinley platform.

It is comfortable to see our friends the enemy no longer distressed over Democratic blunders, but worrying themselves over the self-confessed blunders of their own party. But they are blunders with malice and aforethought in the interest of trust and monopoly. By repealing the tax on whiskey it is hoped to prevent tariff reform and reduced the taxes on the necessaries of life. That is the milk in the cocoanut. —*Pittsburg Post, June 14.*

The Party of Reaction.

The reactionary and unreasonable character of the Republican platform, and the present attitude of that party respecting monopoly tariff, is fully established by Republican official and party records.

All recollect the message of 1882, in which President Arthur opposed the repeal of the internal revenue tax on whiskey and tobacco, and urged a revision of the tariff by a reduction of duties as necessary for the relief of all the people.

The recommendations of Secretaries McCulloch and Folger were equally definite. The former asked for reduction of the duties on articles used or consumed by those who were less able to bear the burdens of taxation, while the latter insisted upon "a careful revision of the tariff with a view to substantial reductions."

No Republican leader from Lincoln to Garfield has favored the monstrous doctrine that the tariff must always stand at the extreme high point fixed by the necessities of war; that it must remain as an incumbus not only upon the living necessities of the people, but upon the materials and supplies used in our factories. The proposition that the tax on whiskey should be relaxed or abolished in preference to a change in the duty on wools essential to the manufacture of cheap clothing and carpets is one that no Republican statesman would have dared to further at any previous time.

The Tariff Commission took strong ground in favor of a reduction of many duties, and of an entire revision, such as Democrats now favor. It reached this conclusion after a careful inquiry into the existing conditions of American production and manufacture. The object of the Tariff Commission was to save the tariff. But the expert men who composed it had the acumen to perceive that the system they desired to favor could only be kept in force by such concessions and ameliorations as Democratic legislators now propose.

As far back as 1870 Senator Morrill, who may be called the father of the Republican protective system, said:

It is a mistake of the friends of a sound tariff to insist upon the extreme rates imposed during the war, if less will raise the necessary revenue.

But the course reprobated by Senator Morrill is precisely the course that the Republican party is now pursuing. It insists, by its platform, that any proposition to reduce the tariff is "free trade." And the Republican party in Congress actually looks with favor on propositions to advance duties on such living necessities as implements and utensils made of tin plate.—*N. Y. World.*

A Boodle Candidate for Vice President.

The Chicago Convention was consistent to its end. It nominated Levi P. Morton, a Wall street millionaire and boodle politician, for Vice President. This is an advertisement that it is to be a money campaign, with all the appliances of corruption for mastery in the Empire State.

The Convention set out with the chief counsel of the defaulting Pacific railroads, who skipped to Canada to avoid testifying before the Pattison commission, as its temporary chairman.

It made another railroad attorney from the Pacific coast, defeated for governor on the anti-monopoly issue by General Stoneman, its permanent president.

Its committee on resolutions was dominated by the agents of trusts and monopolies, and laid down a trust and monopoly platform.

Its candidate for President was named by Depew, the head of the Vanderbilt corporations, and his New York confederates. They made the nomination.

And to cap the climax, we have as a fitting finale, the nomination of Banker Morton for Vice President. Two millionaires bid for it, Phelps and Morton, but it was knocked down to Morton.

It is the baldness of desperation that forces the Republican party to alley itself so ostentatiously with the monopoly and money power against Grover Cleveland, who stands for the people, lower taxes, no more land grabbing, and honesty, efficiency and economy in government.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town. "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain."—Try a bottle, 50c. and $1, at E. James' drug store Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

The Republican Platform.

While the Republican platform is unmistakably in favor of extreme Protection it has no ringing sound. It lacks the directness and confidence of the utterances of the Democratic platform in vindication of the policy of Tax Reduction and Tariff Revision as upheld in President Cleveland's Message and embodied in the Mills Bill. It talks about the "destruction" of "the American system of Protection" by "the President and his party;" charges them with serving the interests of Europe; denounces the Mills bill as "destructive to the General business, the labor and the farming interests of the country," and has a separate condemnation of free wool. But it is dumb about "Free Trade" and about the "wages of labor" which the Democratic reduction of taxation and cheapening of the necessities of life, we were told, were to cut down to the rate of the "pauper labor of Europe."' Compared with Mr. Blaine's cable message in reply to President Cleveland's letter the platform in point of strength is as milk and water to alcohol.

Indeed, the Republican platform practically indorses the Democratic position, that Tax Reduction and Tariff Revision are a necessity. It declares in favor of reducing the national Revenue by repealing the internal-revenue taxes on tobacco and spirits not for consumption and by a "revision of the tariff." But the tariff is to be revised by the imposition of prohibitory duties on such articles as are made here, which would raise their cost to the American consumer for the benefit of the monopolist, and by the free admission of articles which cannot be produced at home. If this does not sufficiently reduce the revenue the platform declares for free whiskey rather than for cheap necessities of life, provided the later are produced or manufactured by the protected classes here.

The tameness of the tariff portion of the platform indicates a division in the party on the question of high Protection, and an unwillingness to go to the people without some sort of a pretense in favor of reducing taxation and revising the war tariff.

The remainder of the platform is of the usual character. The people have heard again and again at convention time that the Republicans uphold an honest ballot, oppose monopoly, demand that the public domain shall not be squandered on railroads, denounce the "twin relic" and favor Civil-Service Reform. But did they ever know these professions to be put into practice during nearly a quarter of a century of Republican ascendancy?—*N. Y. World.*

Business Dangers and Safeguards.

We have heretofore spoken of many reasons why the voters of the United States ought to demand a continuance of Democratic administration in power. They should be potential with all American financiers and business men who are not willing to invite a deluge sure to come in their own time in return for the elusive profits of a few months' speculation.

Speculators are of little account in American life except as indicators of the general weal or woe. But when accumulated capital refrains from permanent investment, speculation is dull only because money is ready to be loaned but from day-to day, and those who own it are afraid to put it into legitimate channels of permanent investment that bring sure and stable return.

Observance of the policy and warnings of Manning and the prudence in administration of Fairchild will lead our solid business men to the support of Democratic policy. Only kite-flyers and extortionists seek gain through the inordinate profits that come in uncertain and troubled times.

President Cleveland, in his famous tax reform message, summarized the danger that is at our doors in this significant paragraph.

It will not do to neglect this situation because its dangers are not now palpably imminent apparent. They exist none the less certainly, and await the unforseen and unexpected occasion when suddenly they will be precipitated upon us.

The Republican party in its national platform has entirely failed to point out any safe harbor. All that it has to offer is opposition to the Democratic programme which has been commended by experience and indorsed by the officials in whom the country have learned to place confidence.

It will not do to shut our eyes to peril. Its shadow is already upon us. We must now make the choice between the policy that has brought about difficulties and the policy that has prevented a crisis during the past four years and offers a clear path of safety for the future.

Continuance of Democratic administration will bring to the country an assurance of prosperity that will surpass that of any previous era of American history, even that preceding 1860, when industrial and commercial prosperity were the brightest in the world and our flag was the second on the seas.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Friend of the Commonpeople.

The ever increasing popularity of President Cleveland among the common people is something that crops out everwhere, displaying itself in expressions heard on all hands and in that important class of citizens. It was especially prominent in the popular demand that left the politicians no other choice than the unanimous renomination of the favorite leader. The hold upon the great middle class of the country, says the Washington *Post* "is entirely unique in American history. The masses—the farmers, the mechanics, the small tradesmen, the skilled laborers, the toilers of the sea—in every case where they are not blinded by partisan prejudice, are for him to a man. They love him because he seems one of them—because, though the champion of politics, he has no use for politicians, and is in all things the president of the people."

Every word of this is true. President Cleveland has gained the esteem and confidence of the common people because they know that he represents their interests. He stands up for their principles and measures that are for their benefit, and they know it. He has done more than any other President to tear loose the grip of the jobbers, speculators and land grant corporations that has so long fastened on the public lands, which he says should be the heritage of the common people. He has further realized his devotion to popular interests by recommending measures of tariff reduction that will relieve the people of the burden of a war-tariff unsuited to the conditions of a time of peace, and will protect them from the extortionate exactions of monopolies that have come into existence through a tariff unnecessarily high. It is in these respects that the plaid people of the country, those who are benefitted most by the administration of a sympathetic, helpful, honest and courageous President, recognize a friend in our present Chief Magistrate.

...th Knowing.

Mr. W. B—, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a severe cough and running into consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half a dozen bottles found myself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it.—Trial bottles free at E. James' drug store Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Emperor Frederick died within 30 feet of where he was born, and at exactly the same hour of the day.

—Mines of mica, said to be more profitable than gold, are now in course of large developement near Moscow, Idaho.

—One hundred and twenty-seven barrels of onions were grown without manure upon less than an acre of a Louisiana truck farm.

—An Indianapolis woman has become insane through fear that her husband, who had been bitten by a dog, would be attacked with hydrophobia.

—It is possible now to photograph a bullet in its flight, and all the time allowed for taking the picture is the one hundred thousandth part of a second.

—Mr. Dye, of Jessup, Ga., has a cow that is perfectly hairless throughout spring and summer, and only puts on her coat at the beginning of the fall.

—No President who has been renominated for a second term has been defeated, with the two exceptions of John Quincy Adams and Martin Van Buren. The rule has been re-election.

—Charles Sullivan fell from the tower of St. Michael's church, Buffalo, N. Y., on Sunday afternoon, a distance of one hundred feet, and was instantly killed. He was endeavoring to measure the height of the tower to settle a dispute.

—Mayor Fitler, of Philadelphia, is a rope-maker, and he sometimes exhibits to his friends a curious rope cable that he keeps in his office. It is made of hangmen's ropes, each strand having been taken from a rope by which some poor criminal's neck was broken.

—Near Clarion, Ga., there died last week Smith Hubbard, aged 105, colored, and the successful cultivator of a one-mule crop up to the hour of his death, which, as he never took a dose of medicine in the course of his somewhat protracted existence, must have been wholly from natural causes.

—The Webster county Court House, together with county and Circuit Court Clerk's and Sheriff's offices, and all the contents of papers, records and public documents, was burned Monday night. The burning was the work of an incendiary, but no clue to the guilty party has as yet been found.

—Saturday evening a man named Wright, of Ligonier, Westmoreland county, accidentally shot himself in the hip with a revolver. He afterward attempted to take the life of Frank Karnes, but failed. He then went home and tried to kill his father, but was prevented by the neighbors. He was arrested.

—Lightning played a queer caper on a ranch near Buffalo, Wyoming Territory, recently. It struck a barb wire fence and for a distance of 40 yards melted the barbs without injuring the strands and pulled one end of the staple holding the wires to the posts. The fractured ends were neatly turned into corkscrews and nickle plated.

—Mrs. Esther Potter, of Long Ridge, Me., when on her deathbed prayed that her youngest child, an infant, might go with her. After bidding the rest of the family good-bye, she clung to the baby with all her strength. It had been perfectly well, but after a kiss from its young mother closed its eyes and in five minutes was dead in her arms.

—Mr. Jim Blevins, living near White Rock, S. C., killed a very large chicken snake a few days ago, and noticing the snake's body was unusually large and ill-shaped made an incision and found it to contain a large cow horn and in the horn a prairie rat. It is supposed that the snake chased the rat into the horn, and to secure the swallowed the horn.

—In the National Library at Paris there is a Spanish globe 350 years old, on which the Congo follows in a remarkable manner the course now given to that river on the maps. All the best maps in the sixteenth century showed the Congo as rising in a lake far inland, while in this century we first tried to identify the Congo with the Niger, and then for many years made it flow north.

—George Haltzclow, of Wheeling, W. Va., quarreled with his wife Sunday evening. Later she and the children went to bed. About 1 o'clock Monday morning the house was discovered to be on fire and Mrs. Haltzclow and the children could not be aroused and had to be carried out. Mrs. Haltzclow, her 15-year-old daughter and baby are in a serious condition. They seem to have been drugged.

—This is the season when stories about "freaks of lightning" appear in newspapers. During a storm a few days ago lightning struck a building in a Pennsylvania town and left the date 1889 imprinted on one of the walls. Next day the same thunderbolt, suddenly discovering its error, returned to town, and with one well-aimed blow, obliterated the figures "1889" and left 1888 in their place.

—William Patterson, colored, was hanged at six o'clock on last Friday morning in the jail yard at Louisville, Ky. He, with another colored man named Albert Turner, were convicted of assaulting and fatally beating Miss Jennie Bowman on April 23, 1887. Turner was hanged July first, last year. He confessed his guilt, but said Patterson was innocent. Patterson's struggles when the drop fell were frightful. Many people believe he was innocent.

—The Novelty Aerial Ship Company has been organized in Jersey City with a capital of $1,000,000. The company proposes to construct air-ships on the plan invented by Peter F. Campbell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who claims that the ships can be sailed through the air in any direction. A small ship, in which he has successfully made several short voyages, will be used for a trial trip from Brooklyn to Jersey heights and return.

—On last Monday night at Springfield, O., the janitor of the Arcade discovered gas leaking in the cellar. He entered with a lighted match. The gas exploded, burning him badly. An alarm of fire was turned in and the Chief of the Fire Department and four firemen entered the cellar with a lighted lantern, when a second explosion occurred, burning the chief about the face and hands and badly burning the others. No burn is serious, though it is feared Fireman Wootz may lose one eye. The explosions did no other damage.

—At Canton, China, some 250,000 people live continually upon boats and many never step foot on shore from one year's end to another. The young children have a habit of continually falling overboard and thus cause a great deal of trouble in effecting a rescue, while in many instances this is impossible and a child is drowned. China is an over-populated country and the Chinese have profited by this drowning proclivity in reducing the surplus population. They attach floats to the male children so that they can be fished out when they tumble into the river.

—If the alligator hunters keep up the vigorous warfare they have lately inaugurated in the neighborhood of Panasoffkee, Fla., against the reptiles the streams thereabouts will be bereft of them. When the business first commenced, some time ago, there were only two or three at it, but now their name is legion, and they find it no longer profitable to hunt on the lake and outlet, and are going gradually farther down the river. The business is paying, as two men get on an average 15 to 50 'gaters a night, and the hides bring from 50 cents to $1.25 each, according to length.

—At Canton, Me., a pair of robins and a pair of sparrows, each had a nest and a brood of young in the shrubbery near Nahum Moore's front door. A crow destroyed the young robins and the mate who defended them, leaving the mother robin disconsolate and in pitiful mourning. Soon after, it was discovered that the robin mother was brooding the young sparrows, bestowing upon them the tenderest care, while the elder sparrows bring food and guard the home. Thus these happy relations seem to continue without a jar, as though the three attendants were a common necessity in rearing the family.

—Thursday morning of last week as the Central train was going into Atlanta at 8 o'clock, and as it was nearing the city, a spark from the engine flew in at one of the car windows and fell on a lady's skirt. In a few moments the car was full of smoke, but the occupants, thinking it was from a hot box, paid no attention to it, and in a few minutes the fire blazed up from the dress, and all saw then what was the matter. A gentleman rushed to the lady's assistance, and in a few moments had extinguished the blaze. The young lady was nearly scared to death, and fainted, but was brought around all right.

—Information from Pittsburgh is to the effect that the iron wage scale will be signed this week, and that there will be neither a strike nor a shut down. The workmen of the Amalgamated Association will recede from many of their demands on account of the dullness in the iron trade, and the manufacturers will also make concessions on several classes of work, but will throw out all extras. This will leave wages practically unchanged, or, at most, not more than 5 per cent. lower all around, and will avert the threatened idleness for fifty thousand work-people. The three months' shut-down proposed by the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers was evidently not made with any expectation or desire that it would be accepted.

—Two men stopped at the farm house of Samuel Humbert, in Monongahela, West Va., a night or two ago. As soon as Humbert opened the door the men rushed in, knocked him down and bound him. Humbert denied having any money, when the men gagged him and went through the house tearing open drawers and closets and even ripping up the carpets. As Humbert continued to deny having money the fiends built a fire in the grate and, dragging the old man close to it, placed his feet within a few inches of the flames, blistering and literally roasting them. Finding they could get nothing out of Humbert they left him still tied by the fire and fled. Humbert finally succeeded in relieving himself of the gag and rolling away from the fire. He is terribly burned and may lose both feet, if not his life.

—While at a neighbor's a few days ago, Mr. George W. Fisher, of Independence, Kan., heard a racket out in the kitchen, and, going out to investigate the cause, found that a large rattlesnake had crawled into the kitchen was fastened in the handle of a jug in the following manner: There were some eggs and a jug on the floor when the snake crawled into the house, and it swallowed one of the eggs, and as the jug was lying on its side, had crawled through the handle as far as the egg he had swallowed would admit, and finding another egg convenient as he crawled through the handle of the jug, swallowed that egg also, and as the egg was too large to pass through the handle of the jug, Mr. Snake was fastened so he could neither move foreward or backward, there being an egg inside of him on either side of the jug handle.

—A party of sixteen ladies and gentlemen hired a steam yacht and left Newark, N. J., at eight o'clock last Monday evening. It being flood tide, the jetty at the mouth of the bay was covered with water. The pilot had scarcely got his bearings when he heard a sharp grating sound and, realizing that he was on the jetty, stopped the engine. Several of the male passengers jumped over on the jetty and in doing so the boat lurched and slid off into deep water. The girls then made a rush for the side of the boat. This cause her to keel over suddenly and in a second she turned bottom side up. The air was immediately filled with screams for help from a score of persons struggling for their lives in the water. The cries were heard at Greenville and other points on the bay and rescuers soon went to the scene of the accident. But when the boats arrived it was found that six of the party had been swept away and drowned.

—A double tragedy occurred at Indianapolis, Ind., on last Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. Henry Baker is a farmer, fifty-three years old, living north of this city. He has a young and pretty daughter, to whom George Long, a young farmer in that vicinity, has been paying his addresses and the old man has seriously objected to the attachment. Last evening Albert, the young woman's brother, met Long and insisted that he should cease calling upon his sister. The two finally had a fight with no particular damage to either. Young Baker went home and told his father of the encounter, which so incensed the latter that he immediately hunted up Long. The two met on the highway. From words they came to blows and from blows to pistols. Baker disarmed Long, shot him, and when the latter fell started away from the scene. Long staggered up seized the pistol, and shot Baker through the heart, killing him instantly. Long was dying at midnight.

—There is a spring on Weyman's farm, in Lewis county, W. Va., which, by its peculiar freaks, is attracting much attention. At times the water suddenly disappears, leaving a dry hole of unfathomable depth. Hours, and occasionally days, pass without any change, when suddenly, with a rush and roar, a great volume of water issues from the hole, propelled by a pressure of gas which throws it 25 feet into the air. The noise of the escaping gas and water can be heard over a long distance. An ignited match, after night, will create a display of flashing light and fountains of water exquisitely beautiful and plainly distinguishable at a great distance. It is reported that the spring would furnish gas sufficient, if stored, to supply a town of 40,000 inhabitants. The strangest part of the phenomena is the fact that previous to the great Southern earthquake in 1886 there was no sign of a spring on the spot where it now stands, and that on the morning subsequent a subterranean disturbance on the spot was seen and felt, followed by a sudden collapse of earth and the appearance and rush of water and gas, which has become regular in its appearance and recession.

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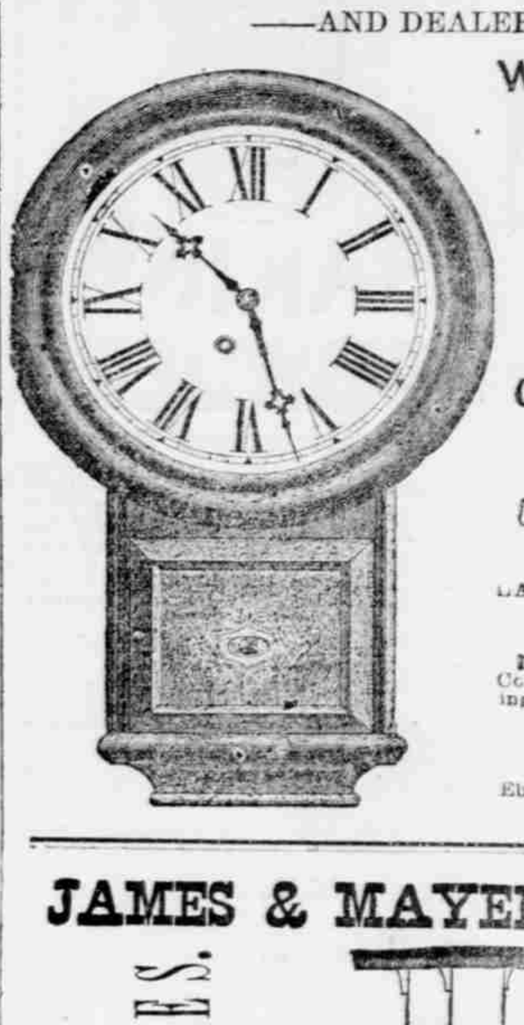
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Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

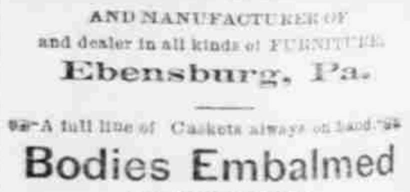
ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE, LORETTO, PA., IN CHARGE OF FRANCISCAN BROTHERS. Board and Tuition for the Scholastic Year, $200.

March 26th, 1886. tf.

ESSENTIAL OILS. WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMINT, PENNY ROYAL, SPEARMINT, &c. of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free of brokerage, commission, storage, &c., by

DODGE & OLCOTT, Importers and exporters, 86 William st., New York.

ROBERT EVANS,



UNDERTAKER, AND MANUFACTURER OF and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE, Ebensburg, Pa.

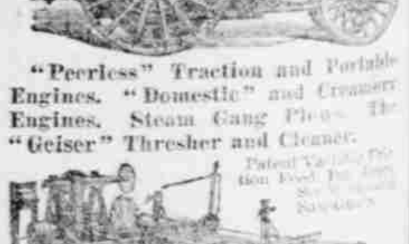
A full line of Caskets always on hand.

Bodies Embalmed WHEN REQUIRED.

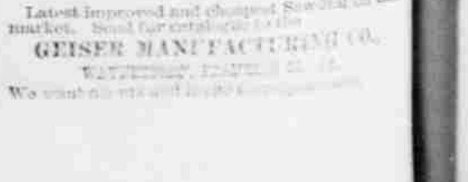
Apr 30 85

"PEERLESS" LEADS THE WORLD.

$500 in Gold for General Superiority at Cincinnati Industrial Exposition after full trial and Expert test.



"Peerless" Traction and Portable Engines. "Domestic" and Creamery Engines. Steam Gang Plows. The "Geiser" Thresher and Cleaner.



Latest improved and cheapest Saw Mill on the market. Send for catalogue to the GEISER MANUFACTURING CO., WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN CO., PA.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JUNE 29, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Subscribe for the FREEMAN.

—H. H. Myers, Esq., visited Altoona on Thursday.

—St. Francis' College at Loretto, closed on Tuesday last.

—The ordinance against fire-crackers should be enforced.

—No paper next week, as we intend to celebrate the Fourth.

—The farmers are now busily engaged in cultivating their corn.

—Cod—An Ebensburg fisherman going in swimming with his clothes on.

—Mrs. A. J. Shoemaker is visiting friends and relatives in Cumberland, Md.

—Mr. E. James returned home on Monday from the Chicago Convention.

—Miss Maud Bender has been visiting friends in Gallitzin for the past week.

—Mr. J. W. Killduff, editor of the Gallitzin Vindicator was in town on Monday.

—The difference between a man's hat and a woman's bonnet is about four dollars.

—Master Edward, son of Mr. John Hoover, of Prospect, is visiting in this place.

—Maple Park and Belmont has each received some summer boarders this week.

—Eighty-three foreigners took out naturalization papers in Blair county last week.

—The Normal school closes to-day. Entertainment in Opera House this evening.

—Editor Lloyd, of the *Herald*, is erecting a new fence on his property on Julian street.

—James Gant has erected an awning in front of his shaving parlor on Centre street.

—All kinds of job work neatly and expeditiously printed at this office at the lowest prices.

—The Mountain House at Cresson, Pa., opened on last Monday for the reception of guests.

—Mt. Gallitzin Seminary, of this place closed on Monday last after a very successful term.

—Prof. B. F. Pinkerton, principal of Tyrone public schools, spent Tuesday night in our town.

—The Misses O'Neils are having a new wire fence erected on their property in the West Ward.

—Mr. Thomas P. Fenlon, Jr., of Leavenworth, Kan., is visiting friends and relatives in this place.

—A new fence has been placed around the property of Mr. George H. Roberts, on Julian street.

—If you want to get a sack of the best flour manufactured go to Gurleys' and ask for Minnehaha.

—There isn't to-day a more popular article of dry-goods than the red bandana. Long may it wave.

—Hon. L. D. Woodruff, editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*, took in the excursion to Erie on Tuesday.

—Mr. Boyd Foster and Mr. J. Parkinson, of Greensburg, spent Sunday visiting friends in this place.

—Miss Mead Davis, of Kane, Pa., formerly of Ebensburg, is visiting friends and relatives in this place.

—Mr. Phil Evans, of this place, who has been on the sick list for some time past, is able to be about again.

—Major J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte, passed through this place on his way to Carrolltown on Tuesday.

—Miss Carlotta Collins, who has been attending St. Xaviour's Academy, near Latrobe, is here on a visit.

—The firm of Brown & Kimball, liverymen of this place, received a fine new 'bus from Altoona last Tuesday.

—If the judges of the Courts decide to wear gowns they might as well be in the style and wear busties also.

—Miss Annie Evans, daughter of Mr. D. Evans, of this place, took her departure for Huntingdon on Monday last.

—Messrs. Frederick and Nicholas Smeltzer, two of Gallitzin's best citizens, spent a few hours in town on Sunday.

—Last week about forty Indian boys and girls were transferred from the Martinsburg training school to Carlisle.

—The building on High street, formerly occupied by the Misses Ferren as a store-room, is undergoing improvements.

—Mr. David Brawley, of Delmont, Westmoreland county, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Judge Johnston, of this place.

—Minnehaha flour is manufactured from a mixture of Minnesota and Dakato spring wheat and is the highest grade produced.

—Hutchison Scott, a colored inmate of the Almshouse, from Johnstown, died at that institution on Tuesday from dropsy.

—Mr. Dwight Jones and his sister, Mrs. Martha Reese, of Dakota, are visiting their brother-in law, Mr. Evan Bennett, of this place.

—Miss Ann McDonald, of this place, who has been visiting in Hollidaysburg for the past few days, returned on last Monday evening.

—The livery firm of Brown & Kimball have invited the Cornet Band to introduce their new 'bus, in the way of a ride through the town.

—Miss Kate Noon, who has been visiting friends in Harrisburg and Lancaster for some time past returned to this place on Monday last.

—Miss Nannie James, whom we mentioned last week as having sprained her ankle, is able to walk about again, by the aid of crutches.

—It is strange, though a fact, that in playing base ball when a boy gets struck on the back of the head, the howl comes out of his mouth.

—The students of the Ebensburg Normal School, who held a picnic in Hogue's grove, near Loretto, on Saturday last, report a very enjoyable time.

—At Hollidaysburg, last week the case of the Commonwealth vs. I. C. Caldwell for embezzlement was continued until the next October term of Court.

—Mr. L. Esterline, proprietor of the Mountain House, purchased a fine bay horse from Mr. Dan. Carney, of Cambria township, for the sum of $250.

—Mr. Matthew Zahm, of this place, started on last Monday morning for Cresson where he has obtained a position in the railroad station at that place.

—We understand that the Ebensburg base ball club will play the Carrolltown club on the fair ground at the latter place on July 4th for the gate receipts.

—Mr. Jesse Hill, son of Rev. Geo. Hill of this place, returned home from Nanticoke on Tuesday evening, where he had been engaged in teaching school.

—A Hungarian woman attempted to light a fire with the coal oil can, at Ramey, Clearfield county, the other day, with the usual result. She was burned to a crisp.

—Mrs. S. Wagonhalls and family, of Fort Wayne, Ind., have taken possession of her cottage opposite Belmont, this place, and will remain here during the summer.

LAWNS AND LINEN DE INDIAS AT GABLE & CO.'S !

June is here and with it comes the warm weather of the first Summer month, and with it comes too a fine lot of beautiful Lawns and Linen de Indias which Gable & Co. have placed in their White Goods Department at 8, 10, 12½, 17, 20, 25, 28, 30, 37½ and 42c. per yard. In the Print Department you'll find some Choice Figured Lawns in black and colors, in neat dark figures on white ground and Plain Lawns in black and colors. Finest Check Nainsooks in the city from 5 to 28c. a yard.

WM. F. GABLE & CO., 1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PENN'A.

—If you want a contented and happy family buy Minnehaha flour and you will always have good bread.

—Rev. W. E. Hall, of Philadelphia, has been attracting large audiences to the Disciple Church of this place, by his eloquence, during each evening of the past week.

—Miss Mattie Griffith, daughter of Evan Griffith, of Lilly's, formerly of this place, was married on Wednesday evening of last week to Edgar T. Kerby, of Wilmore.

—Allen G. Thurman was born November 13, 1813. There are 13 letters in his name, 13 in "the red bandana," and therefore he will likely be elected if figures don't lie.

—John W. Roberts, formerly of this place, who has been boss brickmaker at the Huntingdon Reformatory for some time past, has purchased D. S. Johnston's store in Porkstown, Pa.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Rev. Father Rosensteel, curate of St. Agnes' Church, of Pittsburgh, came to this place on Wednesday to attend the re-union of the Rosensteel family, which was held here on Thursday.

—Don't forget to attend the festival which will be held in the Opera House, this place, on the 3d and 4th of July. The proceeds to be for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Name, this place.

—Master Stewart Hiest, son of Mr. T. H. Hiest, proprietor of Maple Park Springs, while wrestling with some playmates one day last week, had the misfortune to break a bone in one of his hands.

—One hundred and five kegs and thirty-three cases of beer came to this town on Saturday last, which is said to be more than was ever sold at any four hotels in two weeks.—*Huntingdon Monitor.*

—During a heavy storm one evening last week the barn of James Watt, of Lacolle, Westmoreland county, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground with all its contents, involving a heavy loss.

—The lecture entitled "The Norseman in the New World," which was delivered in the Opera House on last Friday evening by Prof. J. S. Foley, was instructive as well as interesting, and was a credit to the speaker.

—At the running races which took place at Carrolltown on Saturday last, O'Hara Bro's gray mare, Flora, took first prize; a Johnstown horse took second prize, and O'Hara Bro.'s mare, Topsy, took third prize.

—A woman wearing a white dress and long dark colored cloak has been seen several times walking the streets of this place at 12 o'clock at night. Who she is or what her business is no one seems to be able to solve.

—Messrs. John Flynn and Joe McMillen, employes of the firm of McMillen & Walters, plumbers, of Johnstown, are engaged in putting the water and gas fixtures into the new summer cottage of C. W. Phillips, in this place.

—If a delinquent and a half should come up and pay a dollar and a half in a year and a half an editor and a half would then stand some chance of getting a meal and a half once in a while and sometimes twice in a while.

—Gentlemen who have a taste for grumbling at newspapers should not fail nor be discouraged. An editor never feels that he is doing his whole duty unless somebody is growling at what the paper contains or does not contain.

—The game of base ball at Loretto, between the Ebensburg club and the College club of Loretto, on Saturday last, was postponed on account of rain at the ending of the third inning. Score, 3 to 2, in favor of the College club.

—Mrs. Louisa Lark, a gypsy, aged 18 years, died in the school house in Susquehanna township on Friday of last week of consumption. The remains of the deceased were interred in the Catholic cemetery at St. Nicholas on last Sunday.

—When the newspaper man offers an adverse criticism he is a liar; if he occupies neutral ground he is a coward and if he makes a favorable comment he is a knave. And yet the newspaper man's lot is supposed to be an enviable one.

—Mr. Thomas Denny, of Gallitzin, and Miss Ellen Phillips, of Altoona, were married at a Nuptial High Mass in St. John's church, Tuesday morning, by Rev. Father Smith. The attendants were Mr. Edward Denny and Miss Mary Brannon.

—An unfurnished house of seven rooms in the east ward, Ebensburg, will be ready for occupancy and for rent by the 15th of June next, will be rented for the summer or for a term of years. For particulars apply to Henry Byrne, Ebensburg, Pa.

—Under the law, retail dealers of merchandise are compelled to pay to the County Treasurer their mercantile tax on or before July first, after that date the County Treasurer is directed to bring suit against all delinquent tax payers for the same.

—A new rule for removing a cinder in the eye is given by a railway engineer. It is: "Let the injured eye alone and rub the other one, and the cinder will be out in two minutes." It is a simple remedy, but those two minutes will seem like two decade.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—John Anderson, a Swede employed at Greensburg, was sunstruck on Friday and died at 6:20 o'clock that evening. His brother, Olof Anderson, residing at Irwin, was also sunstruck on Friday and died at 9 o'clock that night. A singular coincidence.

—Mr. Lawrence Schroth, proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hotel, Carrolltown, passed through this place on Monday on his way home from Wilmore where he had been attending the funeral of his brother, Mr. John Schroth, which took place on Friday last.

—A gentleman who is boarding at Maple Park was heard to remark while standing in front of the post office one evening this week, that one of Ebensburg's fair daughters was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and described her as having worn a red dress.

—The following is said to be an infallible preparation for killing the annoying and destructive potato bugs and is worthy of a trial at the hands of our readers: Take equal parts of copperas and slacked lime, using 5 pounds of each for twenty gallons of water, thoroughly mixed. Sprinkle on the vines with a brush.

—Everett, Bedford county, is making progress backward, having reduced the salary of the principal of her public schools from $800 to $600.

—The workingmen of Latrobe, Westmoreland county, are considerably excited over the importation of Italian cheap labor. Fifty Italians are on the ground and two hundred more are expected.

—You have no more right to kill your neighbor's chickens than you would a neighbor's cow, but you can shut them up as estrays or sue for damage if they trespass on your premises. The best way is to try and persuade your neighbor to keep them shut up.

—A two-year old daughter of William Mitchell, of Williamsport, was struck by an engine on Friday morning and terribly injured. The forehead, nose and cheek bones were crushed. In spite of the character of her injuries the doctors believe she will recover.

—An elopement was attempted by a young couple of this place one night this week, but the irate father of the bride elect appeared on the scene just in the nick-o'-time and the young lady was ordered to her room and the young man treated to a dose of shoe-leather.

—To cure a felon, saturate a bit of grated wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine and apply it to the affected part. It relieves the pain at once and in twelve hours or less there will be a hole to the bone. Dress with sticking salve and the finger is well. So says an exchange.

—Frank Komarine, of Irwin, Westmoreland county, has been missing for three months. On Friday a hunter found his body lying on the ground while the head was suspended in the air by a rope. The body was in an advanced stage of decomposition. Financial troubles led to suicide.

—Lightning played havoc in Blair county on Saturday afternoon. In Altoona the store of Wm. Murry was struck and partially damaged; a stable on Third avenue near Fifth was also struck and consumed, together with a horse and dog. A house in Tyrone was also damaged by lightning.

—A law goes into effect on Wednesday, July 4, which makes it a crime for any person in this State to keep on hand or offer for sale, at any news stand or any other place of sale, any obscence, vulgar, or indecent papers, books, or peridoicals. The penalty is two months imprisonment and $100 fine.

—Thomas Bakman and W. C. Connell, who were arrested two weeks ago at Tyrone on suspicion of being the parties who caused the fire at that place lately, and who pleaded guilty at their trial last week, were sentenced on Monday last by Judge Dean to undergo an imprisonment of five years at hard labor.

—A special Argument Court was held in Court House, of this place, Tuesday by Judge Furst, of Bellefonte. Two cases were tried—an ejectment, Susan Gallagher vs. Joseph Durbin, which resulted in a new trial being granted, and M. A. McGonigle vs. G. I. Davis asking payment of legacy. Decree in favor of plaintiff.

—Mr. S. A. Kephart, of Wilmore, who was the appointee for this congressional district at the West Point military academy, is a bright young man and an industrious student and passed a highly creditable examination. He takes his place with a good record. Mr. Kephart was educated at the McAlisterville Soldier's Orphan School.

—From all appearances there will be no Fourth of July celebration in this place. Almost every town in the country will celebrate the Fourth in some manner, but in Ebensburg all the patriotic feeling seems to have died out. Why not have a fantastic parade headed by the Cornet Band, or something to break the dull monotony of the year?

—A tramp, aged 25 years, whose name could not be learned, was seriously and perhaps fatally injured by the cars, at Latrobe last Friday morning. He attempted to board a freight train and was struck by the car, receiving a terrible gash in the head and other severe wounds. He was removed to the County Home. Slight hopes are entertained for his recovery.

—The Tyrone people are turning their attention to the manufacture of artificial gas by a new process, with the intention of applying it to heating as well as lightning purposes. The parties contemplating this movement believe that they can get heat at less than the cost of coal. If their ideas are correct, the application of gas for heating purposes will be a blow on local coal dealers.

—An ingenious appliance has recently been perfected which dispenses with the tredle motion of the sewing machine. The supplemental motor is run by clock springs of a high degree of elasticity, and as it is attached in a horizontal position, under the rear of the sewing machine, its presence is scarcely noticeable. It is wound up like a clock and one or two windings of about a minute each being sufficient to run a sewing machine all day, doing ordinary domestic work.

—A lasting example should be made of a gang of young hoodlums who seem to take a fiendish delight in the destruction of property in this place. Houses are stoned, shade trees on our streets are broken off and mutilated, public buildings defaced and the doors and stoops of private houses polluted with tobacco juice after night fall. Ladies and young girls are openly insulted by them, and it certainly seems time a check were put upon this constantly growing evil for which Ebensburg has become notorious.

—During a thunder storm on Thursday evening an eighteen-year old daughter of Joseph Hood, of Stahlstown, Westmoreland county, while standing at a window of her home was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Her sister, who was with her at the time, escaped unhurt. The bolt struck the corner of the house, shattering it in a terrible manner, besides tearing the clock to pieces and melting some of the nails that were used in the clock. The solder of the ear rings worn by the unfortunate young lady melted until they fell to pieces.

—At nuptial high mass Wednesday morning, June 27, Mr. Bernard Myers and Miss Lizzie O'Connor were united in the bonds of holy wedlock at St. John's Catholic church, Altoona, Rev. Father O'Reilly officiating. The attendants on the happy couple were Mr. Henry Molloy and Miss Sue Conrad. The groom is a resident of Ashville, Cambria county, is a farmer by occupation, and a very worthy young man. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Patrick O'Connor, of Altoona, and is a lady fully qualified to make happy the man who will be her future husband. After the ceremony the bridal party was driven to the residence of the bride's father, where an excellently prepared wedding breakfast was served.

—The click of the mower and the rattle of the binder will soon be making pleasant music for the farmer. The music will be pleasant because the crops are excellent.

—Felix McCue, of Upper Prospect, was brought to this place on Wednesday and lodged in jail to answer a charge of surety of the peace preferred by his wife. Mrs. McCue alleges that her husband threw stones and pointed a revolver at her and threatened to kill her.

—An entertainment will be given in the Opera House this (Friday) evening by the Normal School of this place. The programme of exercises will be sufficiently varied to suit all persons of good literary taste, consisting of recitations, songs, duets, choruses, short dramas, a ghost scene, class history and the Ebensburg "Comet." An admission fee will be charged for the purpose of defraying hall rent and other outside expenses incident to furnishing the people of the town free literary entertainment once a week during the Normal term of school. Reserved seats 25 cents. General admission 15 cents.

—Shortly before the picnic train started on its return trip from Roaring Spring, Blair county, on Saturday, two boys became engaged in a difficulty with three men. One man knocked one of the boys down and another hurled a large stone at him. The missile struck him on the nose, breaking that organ and blacking both his eyes. The boy's companion then picked up a stone and threw it at the men, striking one on the head, when the other two men made a rush for the boy. He picked up another stone and fired it at them, but his aim was bad, and a boy who was watching the fight received it in the face.

—It is believed that one of the guests of the Commercial Hotel, DuBois, perished in the flames during the late conflagration. He was in room in No. 15, and the proprietor knowing that he had gone thither to take a nap, went up to waken him. He found him either overcome by smoke or sleeping so soundly that he could not be wakened, and the proprietor barely succeed in escaping with his own life. It is also supposed that a man perished in the Baker House, as a man without legs who was selling songs on the street was stopping there at the time of the fire and has not been seen since.

—A destructive freight wreck occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad, just above Columbia, Pa., on Thursday evening. One train ran into another, and five car loads of oil caught fire. These, with a number of car loads of lumber and merchandise, were destroyed. The fire spread rapidly, and several tenement houses and some outbuildings, belonging to Grubb & Sons' furnace, were burned. The Columbia fire department was soon on the ground, but had not a sufficient number of engines to subdue the flames. Fire apparatus and men were sent up from Lancaster and the fire was soon under control. The loss will be considerable, and the railroad company will be the heaviest loser.

—Postmaster General Dickinson, in announcing to Postmasters the approval by the President of the act of Congress relative to writing upon the outside of envelopes or wrappers, states that such matter will be treated precisely as obscene matter is treated under the provisions of Section 380, postal laws and regulations. Any postal card or any matter upon the envelope or outside wrapper of which appears anything which reflects injuriously upon the person addressed, or any one else, or upon his character or conduct, or is plainly calculated and intended to injure his feelings or reputation, or bring him to discreidt, or which threatens him, will be excluded. Anything in the nature of an offensive or threatening dun apparent upon an envelope, outside cover or postal card or conveying the suggestion that such dun is enclosed, will be excluded as non-mailable under this act.

Fish Laws.

The following is a summary of the fish laws of this State:

Bass may be caught with rod, hook or line from June 1st to January 31st, at no other time and in no other way. No gigging, outlining or nets.

Trout—rod, hook and line only, from April 15 to July 15.

Pike or pickerel, the same as bass.

Use no nets during the months of June, July, August, December, January and February; and when using nets see that the smallest meshes are fully an inch square; any other sized mesh is not legal. Place no set nets at the point of old fish dams and do not lay up the walls that are down; use no set nets with walls or seine attachments at any time. Should you take any bass, trout, pike, or pickerel in your nets, you are compelled by law to return them to the stream from which you took them.

The penalty of fishing with seines for any fish of any kind whatever is $25 for each and every offense. The same penalty for fishing with set nets out of season, or meshes less than one inch square. For each and every bass taken on set, or outlines, $10 fine. Fishing or hunting on Sunday is prohibited by a fine of $25 for each offense.

Use no small game fish for bait, as each one so used subjects you to severe penalties.

The fine for taking fish of any kind whatever, by exploding dynamite, giant powder, or any other explosive is $50 for each and every offense.

Should you catch any trout less than five inches in length you must return them to the stream. Penalty, $5.

Take no bass less than six inches in length under the penalty of $5.

For Thirty Years

I have been troubled with catarrh—have tried a number of remedies without relief. A druggist here recommended Ely's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle and I can say I feel like a new man. My catarrh was chronic and very bad. I make this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm. J W. Mathewson, (Lawyer) Pawtucket, R. I.

I was troubled with cataarh in my head to an annoying extent for three years. After using one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm I was entirely cured.—Wm. J. Cline, Victor, N Y.

Fourth of July on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

According to its time-honored custom the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets on July 2d, 3d, and 4th, 1888, good to return until 5th inclusive, between all stations on its main line and branches, except between Philadelphia and New York, at reduced rates. This arrangement will enable every one to take an outing on the great American holiday.

SUCCESSFUL business men advertise in the FREEMAN.

An Over-Issue by The Cresson and Clearfield Road.

Jacob Rubino, who represents the American Loan and Trust Company, of New York, came over the mountain from Johnstown Friday evening last, where he had made information yesterday against Gustay Kauffman, of Cresson, and John H. Boyts and James S. Atterbury, of Pittsburg, charging them with conspiracy to defraud the Trust Company out of $75,000.

The information states that the Cresson and Clearfield County New York Short Route Railroad Company entered into a contract with Henry McTigh to complete the road for $25,000 per mile if it should have the length of at least thirty miles.

McTigh assigned his interest to John H. Boyts. Gustay Kauffman was the engineer, and he is charged with falsely and with intent to defraud the Company, certifying that thirty miles of road was completed, when in fact there was but twenty-seven miles. Bonds were thereupon issued for $750,000 when in fact the amount should have been $675,000.

James S. Atterbury is the President and one of the Directors of the road, and Mr. Boyts is the manager. The hearing was set for July 6.

Jacob Rubino is the party who recently brought suit against Israel C. Caldwell, of Tyrone, for an alleged embezzlement of $20,000 from the Frugality Land and Improvement Company, whose properties and operations lie along the Cresson and Clearfield road. While the cases are not similar, they are sufficiently alike to cause interesting developments when they come to trial.

Fatal Accident Near Johnstown.

Shifting crew engine No. 308, when coming east on Tuesday morning last, at ten minutes of four o'clock, found the body of a man near the Woodvale tannery, between the south track and the siding. The head was cut from the body and was so badly crushed that the body cannot be recognized. There is nothing to identify it except a piece of paper, headed, "June, 1888," and showing time kept up to Monday, June 18; also, $9.50 in his pocketbook. He had the appearance of a workingman, and it is thought he belonged to Woodvale or Johnstown. From all appearances it would seem that he was 21 years old, five and a half feet tall, dark hair, cut very short, dark pants, dark sack coat, red undershirt, and calico overshirt.

There is a probability that the deceased was Samuel Wright, lately an employe of Sparks & Evans, the contractors building the new stone arch bridge for the Pennsylvania Railroad company across the Conemaugh river at this place. Wright came to this place about eleven months ago from Dauphin county, near Harrisburg, and boarded at Cobaugh's near the opera house, until last Monday evening when he went away from the house, saying he would be back shortly. He has not yet returned.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

Handed Over to the State.

The Huntingdon Reformatory, which is expected so largely to relieve the strain on the Eastern and other penitentiaries, is completed, and on Tuesday was handed over to the State by the building commission. The cost has been over $1,000,000. It will hold one thousand prisoners. The object of the Reformatory is to discipline first offenders only. The ticket-of leave system will be introduced and put in practice for the first time in this country. The sentences of those committed there will be indeterminate—that is, there will be no fixed period, but the inmates will be released at such time as they may be considered to have become good citizens. A sharp lookout will be kept upon them after their release, and they will be immediately recommitted to the reformatory upon the commission of a new offense.

McPike and the "Times."

The following in regard to H. A. McPike and the Altoona *Times* we clip from the Sunday *Graphic News* of the same city:

The management of the Daily *Times* has commenced the work of erecting an office building of its own. It has leased a lot on Eleventh avenue, near the new Woodcock building, the house fronting on that lot having been removed to the rear, and to be utilized in connection with another annex, soon to be added, for the execution of the mechanical work of the *Times*. The lot measures 24x140 feet. The building in front will be 24x40 feet, three stories high, to contain a publication office or counting-room and a store-room on first floor and an elegant residence above for Mr. McPike, the senior editor and proprietor, the entire establishment being the result of that gentleman's laudable individual enterprise. We are pleased to notice this evidence of the prosperity of our highly esteemed contemporary.

More Music.

EDITOR FREEMAN.—Dear Sir: I should like to ask through the columns of your paper why the Ebensburg Cornet Band does not give us more music. The citizens of this place have given the Band all the support that they possibly could, and it seems they are not receiving a sufficient recompense. Last summer there could be no complaints made, for the Band furnished our citizens with plenty of good music; but this year there seems to be a decided falling off, and the Band has been out but a very few times this season. Let us again hear more frequently the sweet strains from the silver instruments and we will be satisfied.

A CITIZEN.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, June 27, 1888:

Ernest Emil, Johnstown, and Florence Moore, Stoneycreek.

Sylvester Rorabaugh and Maggie Dick, Cambria township.

David N. Lovell and Minnie F. Myers, Reade township.

John Butts and Susie McDermott, Johnstown.

Ambrose C. Buck and Elmira C. McDermott, Gallitzin.

John Macks and Annie Berks, Elder township.

George Mattes, Cambria borough, and Catharine Crowley, Millville borough.

James A. Durbin, Chest Springs, and Ella Douglass, Clearfield township.

Augustine Huber, Elder township, and Roslia Boland, Carroll township.

James W. Kiliduff, Tunnelhill, and Mary Carney, Allegheny township.

Daniel Clitts, Morrellville, and Sarah Adams, Coopersdale.

Isaac J. Davis, Gallitzin township, and Evaline C. McConnell, Carroll township.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Communication.

LOCK HAVEN, June 26, 1888.

On Monday afternoon the editor accompanied by his better half and Editor Lloyd of the *Herald* left Ebensburg to join the excursion of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association to Erie, the intention being to get on the excursion train on the Philadelphia and Erie road at Lock Haven.

Leaving on the branch train at 3:20 we arrived at Cresson where we had about an hour to spend before the train east was due, which we spent in looking over the grounds of the Mountain House. This was the first day that the house was open for the guests and there were about fifty people on the register. Fifty people would be pretty good for an ordinary hotel, but with a house the size of the Mountain House, intended to accommodate twelve hundred guests, fifty makes a very slim appearance. However, everything must have a beginning, and the fifty guests on opening day will in a week or ten days grow to eight or ten hundred, enough to people a good sized country town.

Taking the train east we got to Altoona, where we had a twenty minutes supper, and reached Tyrone about seven o'clock, where we changed cars, taking the Bald Eagle Valley road to Lock Haven. Here we met Mr. G. B. Goodlander, editor of the Clearfield *Republican*, who, accompanied by his estimable wife, was booked for the same destination.

Going up the Bald Eagle Valley was a disappointment. A valley to us had always been suggestive of fine farms, which at this time of the year with their fields of waving grain beginning to color would be a sight pleasing to behold. But the Bald Eagle Valley, for twenty-five miles out from Tyrone, when it got too dark to make observations, is a valley of poor and for the most part uncultivated land. The land appears to bring nothing but a sort of sour grass, and a fellow passenger, who seemed to know the country, informed us that the land was very poor, too cold to raise grain with any profit, it costing more to bring the land up with fertilizers than the crop would pay for, and even after being put in condition, required a constant outlay to prevent them from going back.

On the way up, we call it up for in the Bald Eagle Valley after going up stream for eight or ten miles the waters divide and run both ways, the one branch entering the Juniata at Tyrone and the other empting into the Susquehanna at Lock Haven. A stranger, however, does not notice any dividing ridge and is utterly astonished, after noticing that he is going up the stream to find on glancing out, in the same valley, that the waters have changed and are running the other direction. On the way up we passed the remains of four old furnaces, Martha, Hannah, Matilda and Julia Ann—in the early days of iron making the iron master called his furnace after his wife, which accounts for the names. The furnaces were several miles apart, belonged to different men and have long since been abandoned, but for what reason we do not know. There is nothing left of them but the old stone stacks and they are fast tumbling into decay. It is probably thirty or forty years since they were operated, and if iron ore abounds as it is said it does, why it would not have paid to keep them in blast in the halcyon days of high protection is something that we fail to comprehend. The President's message could have had no effect on them.

When the train stopped at Bellefonte we noticed a demonstration of some kind on the street, and on inquiring found that the Republicans were holding a pow-wow over the result of the Chicago circus—Harrison and Morton. The demonstration may have been a good one for the Republicans of Bellefonte, but to our eye it looked sickly and lacked en thusiasm. After leaving Bellefonte we ran down to Lock Haven, and as the night was dark we formed no opinion of the streach of country between the two towns. At Lock Haven we got into the Irvin House bus and after a drive of a few squares were landed at that well known, and well conducted hostelrie. S. Woods Caldwell, the proprietor, welcomed us in a manner that made us feel at home, and after a comfortable room, good bed and a good breakfast we set out to get a glimpse of Lock Haven.

Lock Haven is a town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, situate on the Susquehanna where the Bald Eagle creek empties into that river. The town has a number of fine buildings and private residences, and a stranger naturally concludes that there is a good deal of wealth. The Court house is said to have cost over one hundred thousand dollars, but in point, appearance, size, or finish inside or outside does not compare with ours. It is, however a fine building and a credit to the county, Clinton.

After a drive over the city we returned to the hotel, and after inquiring for our bill, found our hat chalked by the genial and clever proprietor of the Irvin, and although we knew the house was first-class in every way and the proprietor a gentleman and scholar, our opinion of both house and landlord was better than ever and to people visiting Lock Haven, we most emphatically say, stop at the Irvin.

The time is nearly up for us to take the excursion train and I must bring this letter to a close.

J. G. H.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell at a big bargain and on easy terms one Six-Horse Power Springfield Engine and Thresher, as good as new. Call on or address, J. W. Sharbaugh or Thomas Switzler, Carrolltown, Pa.
June 29, 1888.-3t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Whereas, letters testamentary to the estate of Catharine McAteer, late of Washington township, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against the estate of the decedent will make known the same without delay.
F. M. GEORGE, Executor.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Bazil Bender, deceased, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement to
TERESA BENDER, Admr'x of Bazil Bender deceased.
Hemlock, Pa., June 22, '88.-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Cambria county, to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the first and partial account of William Warner, surviving administrator of John Warner, deceased, hereby give notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, on Monday, the 6th day of August, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., to discharge the duties of his appointment at which time and place all persons interested may attend.
DONALD E. DUFTON, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 29, 1888.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale a water power saw mill with from one to five acres of ground situated in Elder township, Cambria county, Pa. The mill has a 16 feet over shot wheel, a circular saw, is in good condition and is located about one-half mile from the new town of Hastings, on the Brubaker railroad, and within a quarter of a mile of the railroad and a branch of the railroad is located runing within five rods of the mill. The mill is surrounded with a fine lot of timber, yet to cut. For a good investment, this is a rare opportunity. Call on or address the subscriber on the premises.
SEBASTIAN HOLTZ.
Elder township, April 27, 1888.—3m.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Cambria County. In the matter of the proceedings in partition in the estate of John E. Evans, deceased.
The undersigned auditor appointed by said Court to ascertain whether there are any liens or encumbrances on the real estate affecting the interest of the parties, also to ascertain advancements and make distribution among the heirs and parties in interest hereby give notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, on Wednesday the 1st day of August, 1888 at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of his appointment at which time and place all persons in interest shall attend or be forever debarred.
DONALD E. DUFTON, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 29, 1888.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will sell their farm, situated in Allegheny township, adjoining lands of D. A. McGough, A. J. Sell, Henry Mansfield, and others, containing 118 acres, 60 acres cleared and 58 well timbered with oak, hemlock, cucumber and hickory. A good two-story-plank house and frame barn, together with all necessary outbuildings, a never failing spring of water and a stream of water running through the farm. There is also 75 choice apple, pear and peach trees on the premises. The above property will be sold at a price and terms to suit the purchaser and a good warrantee deed guaranteed.
MARY FURY,
ANN FURY.
June 1st. Loretto Postoffice, Pa.

Choose where you like.

WE SAVE YOU FROM $2.50 TO $4 ON EVERY SUIT.

Your choice of 800 Men's All-Wool $9 Suits for $6.50.

Your choice of 700 Men's All-Wool $10 Suits for $7.50.

Your choice of 500 Men's All-Wool $13 Suits for $10.

Your choice of 380 Men's All-Wool $16 Suits for $12.

Big Bargains in Straw Hats. 600 dozen just received. A Boy's Fine Straw Hat for 13c., sold elsewhere at 30c. Come or send early as these Bargains cannot last long.

☞Remember our business principles—Absolute Truthfulness, no Misrepresentations and no Humbugging Schemes, but positively the Best Goods for the least money every time.

WOOLF, SON & THOMAS,
Leading Clothiers of Johnstown, Pa.

Orphans' Court Sale!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to me directed, I will expose to Public Sale at Exchange Hotel, in the Borough of Chest Springs, on

SATURDAY, JULY 7, '88.

at one o'clock, P. M., the following described

Valuable Real Estate.

A certain piece or parcel of unseated land situated in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the East by land of John Durbin and Michael yWrock, on the South by land of John Karlheim and others, on the North by land of Hugh Hagan and John Durbin, containing 130 acres more or less. This land is densely covered with valuable timber.

TERMS.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

CELESTINE McMULLEN,
Trustee to sell certain Real Estate of Matthew McMullen, dec'd.
June 15, 1888.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John H. Fiske and Mary his wife, of White Township, Cambria County, have made an assignment of all the estate, real and personal, of the said John H. Fiske to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said John H. Fiske are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against him will present them to me properly authenticated for settlement.
M. D. KITTELL,
Assignee of John H. Fiske, et ux.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 8, 1888.-6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Whereas, letters of administration on the estate of David Stiles, late of Blacklick township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay and those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
MARY STILES,
Admr'x of David Stiles.
Blacklick township, May 30, 1888.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Joseph Noel, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration of the estate of Joseph Noel, late of Munster township, county of Cambria, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims will present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to
JOHN J. NOEL, Adm'r.
Munster, Pa., June 1, 1888.-6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Estate of Peter Flick, deceased.
Letters of administration upon the estate of Peter Flick, late of Portage township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
CHRISTINA FLICK, Adm's.
Portage, June 1, 1888.-6t.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER of Incorporation. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on July 16th, 1888, by F. J. Christy, T. S. Troxel, Joseph Bengle, Fred Ehrentelt and James W. Killduff, under the Act of Assembly approved April 29th, 1874, entitled "an act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Gallitzin Water Company, Limited," the charter and object of which is to supply water in the borough of Gallitzin, in the county of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.
M. D. KITTELL, Solicitor.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 22, 1888.-3t.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between John Sellers, A. B. Hicks, James Gardner, B. F. Wise, J. C. Wise and W. D. Wise, of Summerhill, Cambria county, Pa., and doing lumber business on the Garman tract, in Jackson township, Cambria county, Pa., under the firm name of Wise, Sellers & Co., was dissolved on the 21st day of June, 1888, by mutual consent. All debts owning to the said partnership are to be received by said B. F. Wise, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to said B. F. Wise, who is to pay and settle debts due to and by the company. B. F. Wise, J. C. Wise, and W. D. Wise under the name and style of Wise Brothers, Summerhill, Cambria county, Pa.
B. F. WISE,
J. C. WISE,
W. D. WISE.
Summerhill, June 29, 1888.-3t.

WOOL! WOOL!

WM. MURRAY & SON want you to bring your wool to Altoona and get the highest market price, either CASH or TRADE. We have the largest stock of Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets in Central Pennsylvania to select from.
WM. MURRAY & SON,
1315 and 1317 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
June 8th, 1888.-3m.

THE

CAMBRIA FREEMAN,

Ebensburg, Penn'a.,

$1.50 Per Year $1.50

The coming National Campaign will an exciting as well as interesting one and no person should be without a good newspaper. The CAMBRIA FREEMAN will faithfully chronicle all national and local events and will give its readers all the news. The price is within the reach of all and no person can afford to be without it.

A TIP TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and reliable circulation of the FREEMAN (1,200) commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers and their favors will be inserted at the lowest rates. The FREEMAN is read weekly by about 2,000 people.

THE JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

connected with the FREEMAN, is one of the most complete in the county. Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Envelopes, Circulars, Dodgers, Posters, Programmes, etc., etc., will be printed on short notice, in the latest styles and at the most reasonable prices.

CHEAPEST and BEST. Prices Reduced
HOLMAN'S NEW PARALLEL BIBLES! pages. Over 2000 Fully Illustrated. Ag'ts wanted free. A Circulars J. Holman & Co., Phila

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS!

Notice is hereby given that the COUNTY TREASURER of Cambria County will attend, for the purpose of receiving County and State Taxes assessed for the year 1888, at the places of holding the elections in the respective districts, on the dates mentioned below:

South Fork	July 16th.
Croyle Township	July 17th.
Wilmore	July 18th.
Summerhill	July 19th.
Portage	July 20th.
Lilly and Washington, No. 1	July 23d.
Tunnelhill Borough	July 24th.
Gallitzin	July 25th.
Washington Township, No. 2	July 26th.
Munster	July 27th.
Barr Township	July 30th.
Susquehanna Township	July 31st.
Elder Township	August 1st.
Carrolltown	August 2d.
Carroll Township	August 3d.
Clearfield Township	August 6th.
Dean Township	August 7th.
Reade Township	August 8th.
White Township	August 9th.
Chest Township	August 10th.
Chest Springs	August 13th.
Ashville	August 14th.
Gallitzin Township	August 15th.
Allegheny Township	August 16th.
Loretto	August 17th.
Blacklick Township	August 20th.
Cambria Township	August 21st.
Ebensburg, East Ward	August 22d.
Ebensburg, West Ward	August 23d.
East Conemaugh	July 16th.
Franklin	July 17th.
Woodvale	July 18th.
Conemaugh, 1st Ward	July 19th.
Conemaugh, 2d Ward	July 20th.
Johnstown, 1st Ward	July 23d.
" 2d Ward	July 24th.
" 3d Ward	July 25th.
" 4th Ward	July 26th.
" 5th Ward	July 27th.
" 6th Ward	July 30th.
" 7th Ward	July 31st.
Millville, 1st Ward	August 1st.
Millville, 2d Ward	August 2d.
Cambria, 1st Ward	August 3d.
Cambria, 2d Ward	August 6th.
Coopersdale	August 7th.
Prospect	August 8th.
Grubbtown	August 9th.
Jackson Township	August 10th.
Upper Yoder	August 13th.
Taylor, East	August 14th.
Taylor, West	August 15th.
Conemaugh Township	August 16th.
Stony Creek Township	August 17th.
Adams Township	August 20th.
Richland Township	August 21st.
Lower Yoder	August 22d.

A discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed on all Taxes paid on or before September 1st, and after October 1st 5 per cent. will be added on all unpaid.
THOS. E. HOWE,
County Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office Ebensburg, May 23, 1888.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

What Medical Men Say.

Superintendents of Hospitals and the Faculty in general have, over their own signatures, endorsed, for purity, age and quality, the now well-known stimulant,

KLEIN'S SILVER AGE.

The price is within the reach of most anyone, being only $1.50 for a full quart. You can also get the following well known brands, never less than six years old: Finch's, Gibson's or Guckenheimers. Full quarts, $1 each, or six quarts for $5, neatly packed and sent anywhere. Send the money, that I may ship to you direct and obedient to all laws. Address

MAX KLEIN,
Dealer in Rye Whiskies,
May 11, '88, 1 yr. Allegheny, Pa.

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

WE WANT YOU!

To send us 40 cents for one of our



6-in. FARM WRENCHES.

Light, Handy and Strong, will Outwear and Outlast two Ordinary Wrenches.

YOU WANT

AN ELLRICH

Household S. D. Set.

This set consists of a Rosewood Handle and four interchangeable blades (2 screw-drivers and 2 chisels) fitting same; all packed in a neat wood box. This tool is constantly useful everywhere, around the house, at the office, in the shop, on the farm. Sent free on receipt of $1.60.

Ask Your Local Dealer

for them, if he has not got them, he will get them for you, or we will send either on receipt of price, as above. *Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue.*

ELLRICH & CO.,
Plantsville, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y. 3t o.w.

DR. DIX'S CELEBRATED FEMALE POWDERS are safe and always effectual. Used to-day by 10,000 American women. Guaranteed superior to all other remedies, or cash refunded. Sent by mail, $1. Particulars 4c. Dr. Dix, 33 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Life of HENRY WARD BEECHER bound in cloth and gold, finely illustrated, giving his life from his birth to his death. Price One Dollar. Expressage prepaid.
UNION BOOK CO.,
Station G., Brooklyn, N.Y.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

If woman lost a Eden, she alone can restore it.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

Not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.

The man who has never known adversity is but half acquainted with himself.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

The bustle must not and will not go, though it is entirely willing to take a back seat.

Vanity is a refined selfishness which is ever exacting homage, but never paying any.

We are taught and we teach by something about us that never goes into language at all.

A certain style of shoe button is called "Old Maid's Wedding," because it never comes off.

There is something peculiar about gravity—in the earth it attracts, while in man it repels.

The hen, stupid as she is, has one redeeming virtue. She never forgets where she has laid a thing.

Joking about her nose, a young lady said: "I had nothing to do with shaping it. It was a birthday present."

According to a Richmond paper, girls there go to school "lugging 20 pounds of scholastic literature and wearing a three foot bustle."

All deception in the course of life is indeed nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.

"Its forty years, my old friend, John, since we were boys together." "It is? Well don't speak so loud; there's a young widow in the next room."

Mr. Strayer: We make resolutions only to break them! Miss Quick: "Yes, very true. Now I resolve to retire early nights, and here it is nearly eleven o'clock."

One rich man wears poor clothes because he is rich and can do anything, while a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to create the impression that he is not.

One man escapes all the diseases the flesh is heir to and is killed on the railroad; another man goes through half a dozen wars without a scratch and then dies of whooping cough.

The most expensive sideboard ever in use in the United States is that made for the late Harry E. Packer, of Mauch Chunk. It covers the entire side of a room and was built for $47,000.

"Are you superstitious?" "Not very. Why?" "Do you believe it is a sign of death when a dog howls under your window at night?" "Yes; if I can find my gun before the dog gets away."

A citizen of Eustis, Florida, is said to have a combination tree in his garden, consisting of a lemon, peach, pear, grape, fruit persimmon, orange and guava, all grafted on one stock, and all in bloom.

The juice of a lemon, mixed with four times as much water, unsugared, and drank before bedtime, will do more to counteract malarial influences and correct a surplusage of bile than a dozen blue pills.

The man who has a brand new typewriter, and leisure, and lots of linen wove manuscript paper, cannot help feeling that he has it in his power to make a big literary reputation for himself if he can only think of something to say.

One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theater and sending flowers, in the hope that he may eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved, to get a divorce.

A little girl while dressing one morning asked her mother if she cried much when she was sacrificed. "Sacrificed!" exclaimed her mother, "why, what do you mean?" "Why, don't you see, I was sacrificed there, wasn't I?" and she pointed to her vaccination scar.

Prodigal Son—"Father, I have spent my substance, and have arisen and returned to the." Practical Father—"What did you spend all that money on?" "Amateur photography." "Kill the fatted calf and send it to the nearest idiot asylum. My son will dine there to-morrow."

To Guess the Speed of Trains.

There is not one person in 100 of the millions who trvel on railroads in the course of a year who has any idea of the speed of a train. A large per cent. of even the regular trainmen of the country cannot tell with any degree of accuracy how fast a train is running. Frequently engineers are dispatched on a trid over a line of railroad with instructions to run at a speed of a certain number of miles an hour. The engineers do not carry a speed indicator, but have learned by various methods to gauge their engines so as to make only the slightest variation from their orders.

The majority of engineers use their driving wheel as a gauge. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running. Another method is to time the run between mile posts, and still another is to make calculations from the number of telegraph poles passed in a certain time. These poles, in a level country, and where four or five wires are used, are spaced so that there are thirty to the mile. If only a single wire is used they are spaced from twenty-five to twenty-eight to the mile.

The most accurate method, and the one most in use by experienced railroad men, is to count the number of rail joints the train passes over in twenty seconds. The rails in nearly all cases are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour a train is running. For instance, if a passenger sitting in a sleeper can count thirty clicks of the wheels on a rail joint in twenty seconds the train is running at the speed of thirty miles an hour.

Killing Birds With Kindness.

"What ails my bird—it won't sing?"

No, my friend, and if you keep on with the same bill of fare, it never will. Do you know there is such a thing as killing birds with kindness? A pastor called on me sometime ago and asked me what he could do for his wife's canary. "It is all puffed up, and sits about the cage and won't sing." I inquired about the diet. Then he began telling me of sugar, crackers, greens and a host of other delicacies. That was enough. The wife was killing the bird by kindnes.

I have been in the business for years, and have studied and experimented in various ways to ascertain what diet is best suited to canaries, and my last experiment has settled the matter to my mind, beyond a doubt.

About three years ago I started a German bird on a diet of plain canary seed, with a little rape and millet added. I allowed no hemp. A cuttlefish was placed between the wires, bird gravel strewn upon the floor, fresh water given daily, a bath every other day in summer, and occasionally (on very mild days) in winter. I allowed no greens whatever to be given to it, excepting once in a while a bit of sweet apple. That bird has not missed a day without having pourd forth the sweetest melody, andhas not had an hour of sickness during all this time.

This treatment, I hold, is the only safe one, and if closely followed must give satisfaction. It has ever been a mystery to me why hemp seed has ever been introduced into canary food. It is the most dangerous article that could be used.

And why shall we continue the use of greens when an occasional bit of sweet apple answers this purpose?

"Poor bird—I must be kind to it." Then continue your idea of kindness, and ultimately bury the bird. Do you exemplify an act of kindness when you have caused that pet of yours to crouch in a corner suffering from over-feeding? Can you feel that you have been kind when by your lavishing you have stopped the happiness of "poor little dick?" A bird can hardly be happy and sit about and mope. The kindest act is to give it only that which will prompt a healthy body.

"Our bird always sang beautifud before," said a down-cast mistress to me one day—and I looked in the seed bin and found it full of hemp.

"I have used every power to restore its song.," and I beheld a large piece of "bird manna" between the wires. Away with trash. Prevent sickness; prevent loss of song. A plain and proper diet will do it.

I stopped the hemp seed, the green food, and threw away the "bird manna," of a bird placed in my charge, and which had not sung for a year, and in two weeks it began to warble, and now sings as well as ever.

If a bird begins to mope, and seems unwell, I place a rusty nail in its drinking water. The rust from the nail affords a gentle tonic. in nine cases out of ten, all the bird needed was a little bracing up. During moulting season I do this, whether the bird seems indisposed or not.

Bathing in winter is a very delicate step to take. Let it be on a very mild day, and have a good temperature in the room. Make the water luke warm, and as soon as it has finished, place the cage near the stove. Do not let the bird become chilled.

Another precaution—and which the bird will accept as a great act of kindness is to place a shall, or even newspapers around the cage, to keep out the cold during the winter nights when the fire is low, and the temperature of the room has fallen below 70 degrees. Prevents colds in every way possible.

These few hints, and the aforesaid diet, will be the best acts of kindness that you can show these delightful little songsters, and that the birds will appreciate your services, can easily be proven by sweet songs and perfect health.

Taking Medicine.

Physicians prescribe less medicine now than used to be the custom in former days, and possibly would give still fewes doses, if it were not for the prejudices of their patients, who feel that nothing is being done for their cure unless they have something to take. The truth is that often pure air, rest and absence from food for a time is all that is needed to give relief, and the conscientious doctor hesitates to other drugs which he knows are unnecessary. If a person who is suffering from fever is shut up in an unventilated room, breathing the same air over and over again, covered with twice as many bed clothes as are required, for fear he might take cold, and given whatever food he can be persuaded to eat, the fever is not likely to abate. Yet if when the physician came he were to say, "open the window, take off all the blankets but one, and give him a cool sponge bath every three hours, and let him have nothing but milk, cracked ice and cold water," and then go away without prescribing further, the friends of the sufferer would shake their heads and sigh to one another. "We must send for some one else at once. How can he get well without medicine?" Whereas the doctor really would have done much more to promote the recovery of his patient than if he had left him in the unsanitary condition in which he found him and prescribed quinine and aconite ad libitum. Medicine is not omnipotent; it cannot take the place of fresh air, pure water and a suitable diet, but it is exceedingly useful in its own sphere and in the hands of a wise physician plays an important part in the treatment of disease. Too much cannot be said against evil practices of indiscriminate dosing. Many people ruin their health by taking some favorite nostrum every time they feel a little out of order, when if the matter was left to nature it would probably right itself.

A STRONG solution of red oak bark is said to be an excellent remedy for chicken cholera. It is mixed with the food, and also added to the drinking water.

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THE NEW QUININE.



GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC, that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.

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Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

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For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.
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It will pay to write us.
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For CHEAP EXCURSION To
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AN ALTERATIVE. It drives out the poisonous humors of the blood purifying and enriching it, and so overcoming those diseases resulting from impure or impoverished blood.

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Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circulars, giving full particulars.

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These revolvers are an exact duplicate of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON. .38 Caliber, using Centre-Fire Cartridges.



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for 1888, will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Catalogue with Colored Plates, and the FINEST COLLECTION OF SEEDS ever offered. Our MARKET GARDENERS specialty is supplying with varieties specially adapted to their purposes, and all TOOLS necessary to manage a complete garden. If you grow VEGETABLES FOR MARKET, tell us so when you send for our Catalogue.
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The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade, the finest brands of

Illuminating : and : Lubricating : Oils,
NAPHTHA AND GASOLINE
THAT CAN BE MADE FROM PETROLIUM.

If you wish the most uniformly satisfactory oils in the market ask for ours.

Trade for Ebensburg and Vicinity Supplied by
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NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
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Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

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40 Beautiful Colors.

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Perfect Imitations OF NATURAL WOOD, 6 Colors. WOOD STAINS.

Unique Coach Paints,
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PAINTS and VARNISH in ONE APPLICATION, AT A COST OF 50 CENTS FOR A BUGGY.

Harness Oil, &c., &c.,
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WE want SALESMEN everywhere, local and traveling, to sell our goods. Will pay good salary and all expenses. Write for terms at once, and state salary wanted. STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

SALESMEN WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.)
SNELL & HOWLAND,
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April 6, 1888.-8t.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

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BOOT
WEARS LIKE STEEL
H. CHILDS & CO
PITTSBURGH, PA.
SOLE LEATHER COUNTER WILL NOT RUN OVER ALL SOLID LEATHER EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

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KENTUCKY MULES.



The only firm in Penn'a who make a speciality of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Arnheim & Co., 52 Second Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
Correspondence solicited.

STEEL WIRE FENCE.



The cheapest and neatest Fence for around Lawns, School Lots, Poultry Yards, Gardens, Farms, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Also, all kinds of Wire Work. Write for Prices. State kind and quality of fence wanted. Manufacturers of Fire Escapes and Iron Work.
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BONE FERTILIZERS

Contain all the valuable elements of stable manure in a concentrated form. Specially prepared for all crops. They are manufactured for results—permanent results. They cannot be beaten in the field.
OUR WORKS possess every facility. We give them our personal attention. For the same money we guarantee our goods not to be surpassed. Those who use them endorse them. You use them and you will endorse them.

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FOR SALE BY
W. J. ANSTEAD, Johnstown,
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PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS WITHOUT CHANGE,
St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,
VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
Leave St. Louis at 8:30 P. M., Daily.
THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.
NO HIGH ALTITUDES, NO SNOW BLOCKADES

Origin of the Word Tariff.

On the coast of Spain, just inside the Straits of Gibralter, the is an island called Tarifa. When the Moors had possession of the peninsula they established a very energetic customhouse force upon it. The scale of revenue was discretionary with the collector. All formalities of entering and clearing were dispensed with. Every vessel passing through the straits in either direction was brought to and robbed to the prudent extent of not absolutely preventing the captain from undertaking another voyage. If he delivered up about 15 per cent. of his cargo or paid its equivalent in money he was allowed to go in peace. If he proved recalcitrant, and was then captured, the duties were collected on a sliding scale; he was made to walk the plank and his vessel and cargo were confiscated. Generally, however, no resistance was offered. When the vessel arrived at the the port of discharge, her owners assessed the loss on the purchasers of the goods, and the result was pretty much as it is in our day. A great many people had to pay for what a smaller number of people got. This sort of duty collection ran all through the middle ages, a sad deterioration from the practice of the more enlightened Greeks and Romans of antiquity. The feudal Barons on the Rhine obtained their revenue on this summary manner, which always reverted on the people.

Something to Paste Up.

For a sore throat cut slices of fat, boneless bacon, pepper thickly, and tie around the neck with a flannel cloth.

When stung by a bee or wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth.

For cold on the chest, a flannel rag wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest, gives the greatest relief.

When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well; drink as hot as possible.

Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar and season with nutmeg, drink half an hour before eating.

For a burn or scald, make paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the flesh.

At the first signs of a run-round, take a cup of wood ashes, put the pan on the stove, put your finger in the pan, keep it there until the water begins to boil, or as long as can be borne; repeat once or twice if necessary.

Egg Culture.

The London Society of Arts recently listened to a special lecture on eggs and the duty of the English people to raise their own eggs and not depend on foreign fowls. The import of eggs into England amounts to an annual value of $15,000,000, which means, at an average of a cent a piece, 125,000,000 dozen of eggs. The import of eggs to the United States is about 17,000,000 dozen a year. The capital required in the production of eggs, and the keeping of poultry, is small, the sale is regular and constant, and as an article of food the egg is unrivalled. While there are large raisers of poultry, with considerable investments in birds and buildings, the vast majority of the eggs marketed are picked up in small quantities from the farmers and from the villagers. There is no reason why the United States should depend upon any outside people for a single egg. To produce all they consume would put money in their pockets. The boys and girls on the farm could find a source of profit in paying a little more attention to fowls, "in the rough," as it were, and if they reached out to the incubator and the brooder they would materially enlarge their profits, while they also greatly enhance their pleasure.

An Editor in Trouble.

The following is told by the Dayton *News* of an Armstrong county editor and a pair of trousers:

"The editor had ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. On trying them on, they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night the Tailor's shop was closed, and the editor took the trousers to his wife, and asked her to cut them off and hem them over.

The good lady, whose dinner perhaps had disagreed with her, refused. The same results followed on application to his wife's sister and his eldest daughter.

But before bed-time, the wife relentingly took the pants, and cutting off three inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and hung them back in the closet.

Half an hour later the daughter, taken with comsumption for her unfilial conduct, took the pants and cut off three inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she too performed an additional surgical operation on the garment.

When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday, the family thought a Highland chief had arrived.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

A FINE PIECE OF CHEWING TOBACCO IS INDEED A LUXURY
FINZER'S Old Honesty



COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT
AND IS KNOWN AS A
Standard Brand
AMONG DEALERS
WE ARE SURE THAT ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF ITS MERITS
LOOK FOR THIS TAG ON EACH PLUG
JNO. FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Carriage Making in all its Branches.
Painting, Trimming
and REPAIRING of all kinds done on the SHORTEST NOTICE and the LOWEST PRICES. Also, Planing, Sawing and Wood Turning with improved machinery. Also, all kinds of heavy work done. Carriage smith shop connected.
All parties trusting me with work will be honorably dealt with. All work warranted.
D. M. CHUTE.
Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT
—HIGH ARM—
"JENNIE JUNE"
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.



The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.
AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JUNE MANUFACTURING CO.
Cor. La Salle Avenue and Ontario Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED
To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nursery Stock
We have steady work for honest, sober, industrious men. Salary and Expenses, or Commission, if preferred. We grow a full line of fruit and hardy ornamental stock, including the new and rare sorts. Everything first-class. Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. The business is easily and quickly learned. State age. Name this paper. Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.
1430 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.



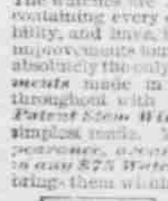
DR. HOBENSACK'S NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS.
A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and sexual incapacity. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory, No. 206 N. 2d Street, Phila. Send for circular.

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To get a First-Class Watch is in our Co-Operative Clubs.
FINE WATCHES
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES
Only $1.00 a Week.



Thousands of the best $38.00 Gold Watch ever made are selling in our Co-operative Clubs.

This is the *Best, Cheapest, Most Convenient,* and *only* co-operative system of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only *Dust and Damp-proof Movements* made in the World, and are jeweled throughout with GENUINE RUBIES. The *Patent Stem Wind and Set* is the strongest and simplest made. *They are fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any $75 Watch.* Our co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one.



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Clubs Constantly Forming. Join Now and Save Money.
WE HAVE AGENCIES IN EVERY LARGE CITY. WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

Treatment of Young Trees.

It often happens that trees ... in good condition and very ... planted, fail to grow, from want of ... ter care. This, for the first ... consists in seeing that a sufficient supply of moisture is present about ... roots.

In time of drought, watering may be avoided by covering the ground for several feet about the trees with ... five or six inches deep, or by stirring the surface soil once or twice a week. Trees planted in turf are especially liable from the moisture being taken up by the surrounding grass roots. This can only be prevented by covering the ground with a mulch of any ... material, like corn stover, old ... straw shavings, sawdust, fine ... cider pomace, meadow mud or peat.

The same results may be obtained by packing the loose stones often found about the tree. Mulching material of any kind should not be in contact with the trunk of the trees from November to May 1, unless they are protected by banking up, or by a tin or tar paper band about them to protect from injury by mice.

Whole Grain For Small Chickens.

Much of the feeding of chickens is soft food. It is easily picked by the little fellows, and they can quickly fill their crops from a dab of wet meal thrown on the ground before them. This too rapid eating is one of the worst evils in artificial feeding young chickens. They gorge themselves, become surfeited and die. We have found whole wheat much better, beginning for two or three days by breaking the grain in two pieces. It does not matter, however, if the little fellow is forced to do this work himself. He will struggle with a wheat or oat grain two or three minutes and at last after a desperate struggle swallow it. The very hardness of the whole grain keeps the food from compacting in his crop. We would not, however, feed whole corn to very young chicks, nor indeed corn ground into meal, as their principal diet.

A Reptile's Affection.

It was a bright May morning, and as I was walking through the woods I saw a large black snake in front of me in the path. On coming nearer, however, there proved to be two snakes, the larger one dead and fearfully mangled. The smaller one, apparently unhurt, lay coiled about the other, with head raised, darting out its little forked tongue. It was apparently keeping guard over the dead friend, and no matter how much I tried to drive it away with shouts gestures and stones, it did not alter its position, except turn its head this way and that as I moved in different directions. Here was a common black snake, one of the most despised of our reptiles, willing to lose its life rather than leave a dead companion. What nobler instinct has man shown?

Try Not to Be a Bore.

If you do not want to make yourself disagreeable—in short, if you do not wish to be a bore—never interrupt. To cut a person short in the middle of his or her story is unpardonable. One of the canons of good society is briefly, "Do not contradict." Difference of opinion is no cause of offense, but downright contradiction is a violation of true etiquette. Try, when you have a story to tell, not to go into tedious details and branch off at any word; be direct, compact and clear, and reach the point as soon as you can. Do not indulge in the habit of continually talking on one subject, but select as topics of conversation matters in which people are generally interested.

How to Paralyze a Town.

Oppose improvements.
Mistrust its public men.
Run it down to strangers.
Go to some other town to trade.
Lengthen your face when a stranger talks of locating in it.
If a stranger asks you how trade is tell him it is very poor.
If a man wants to buy your property charge two prices for it.
If he wants to buy of anybody else interfere and discourage him.
If you cannot have your own way in every thing try and kill the town.
Refuse to see any merit in a scheme that does not directly benefit you.
If you can't hog everything, judge everybody by yourself and accuse them of doing it.

Women as Architects.

The best planned houses (for daily use and comfort) that I have known were mainly planned by women, who knew very clearly what they wanted in a house, and only needed an architect to put their ideas in working shape. On the other hand some of the worst planned houses I have seen were the work of male architects of high repute, in which comfort was sacrificed to outside show. Given the professional training, these woman of natural ability would far excel their masculine competitors. Certainly in the wide department of home arhhitecture woman should have a fair field.—*Country Gentleman.*

SOME weeds provide pasture when they are young and tender; hence a flock of sheep turned on a field infested with weeds will do good service in not only eradicating the weeds, but in converting them into mutton. By preventing weeds from seeding they will soon become extinct unless they are of varieties that propagate from the roots.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.